

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, for the celebration in N.Y., 1 Sept.

### THE CABLE.

*Air*—"Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say not the old times were brighter than these,

When banners were torn from the warriors that bore them;

Oh, say not the ocean, the storm and the breeze, Are free, or prouder, when war thunders o'er them—

For the battle's red light grows pale to the sight, When the pen wields its power, or thought feels its might.

Now, mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been—

Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

Let the joy of the world in rich harmony rise, Let the sword keep its sheath and the cannon its thunder,

Now Intellect reigns from the earth to the skies, And Science links nations that war shall not sunder.

Where the mermaids still weep, and the pearls lie asleep,

Thought flashes in fire through the fathomless deep—

Now, mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,

Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

When the sunset of yesterday flooded the west, Our old mother country lay far in the distance; But the lightning has struck! we are close to her breast!

That beautiful land that first gave us existence: We feel, with a start, the quick pulse of her heart, And the mother and child are no longer apart; For mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been—

Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

The blood that was kindred throbs proudly once more,

And the flow of our joy fills the depths of the ocean;

It thrills through the waves, and it sings on the shore,

Till the globe to its poles feels the holy commotion.

Let us join in our might, and be earnest for light; Where the Saxon blood burns let it strive for the right;

For mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been—

Oh! God bless our President! God save the Queen!

### THE ANGLO-SAXON TWINS.

CONNECTED BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Success at last sits, like a crown,  
Upon our work gigantic;  
Behold the Telegraph laid down  
Beneath the broad Atlantic.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

Accomplished is the mighty job,  
In spite of wind and weather;  
So Jonathan, we now shall throb  
With sympathy together.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

The two great nations, not in chains  
Are now as one connected,  
Whereby the cause of Freedom gains,  
For 'twill be more respected.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

United, brother Jonathan,  
In firm amalgamation,  
I guess we Anglo-Saxons can  
If need be, whip creation.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

The odds are very much increased,  
By our more close communion,  
Against the Soldier and the Priest,  
With Despots linked in union.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

Let but our forces be combined  
And we'll preserve from fetters,  
A no small some of human mind,  
In science and in letters.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

Free Press, which every bigot hates,  
Free utterance of opinions,  
Shall live in the United States,  
And British Queen's dominions.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

May talk of lightning slick as grease  
Discussions shortly finish,  
And every chance of broken peace  
To less than nought diminish.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

Now every squabble we have had  
Is pretty nigh forgotten,  
So let us set to work like mad,  
And deal in corn and cotton.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

Two thousand miles beneath the sea,  
If you're inclined as I am,  
That wire will draw close you and me  
As those famed twins of Siam.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

So let United freemen's cheers  
Drive all the tyrants frantic,  
The Telegraph as each one hears  
Has spanned the great Atlantic.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

—Punch, 14 Aug.

From The National Review.

# COMTE'S LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY.

*The Catechism of Positive Religion.* Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by Richard Congreve. London: Chapman, 1858.

FROM the day of a man's death seven years must elapse, so this Catechism informs us, before he can be "*incorporated in the Supreme Being*," i. e. registered among the worthies of humanity, and honored with a commemorative bust. We neither belong to the priesthood, nor are within six years of the date that must decide the question of Comte's apotheosis. Leaving so great a verdict to the council of the future, we avail ourselves of the labors of his translator, and the recent close of his career to notice a few characteristics of his genius and system. Neither the puerilities of his later writings, nor the self-exaggeration pervading them all, cancel his claim to recognition as the most powerful and constructive thinker of the modern scientific school, and as a half-pious believer in the dreamy visions of a philosophy held by many, though avowed by few. The difficulties over which his influence has triumphed attest his intellectual force. In his survey of particular sciences, not excepting his own (the mathematics), he has incurred the reproach of serious errors and misconceptions. Even among *savants*, his temper and personal pretensions are as unique as are Ewald's among critics and theologians. His style is an oppressive miracle of tediousness, benumbing the vivacity of the cleverest translator, and taxing the patience of the most practised student. His chief reputed merit—the creation of Sociology—he proclaims with the airs of a *mayor*, instead of committing it to the test of time and thought; and men like Mr. Mill, who had accepted his baptism, and been initiated into his gospel, excuse themselves from his apocalypse. And no sooner do "Secularists" indulge their gratitude for his abolition of theologies and hierarchies, than he publishes himself Supreme Pontiff of humanity, and sets up a theocracy without a God. Yet, in spite of every weakness and offence, he has found his way to the thought of the present age. A few vigorous minds he has moulded to an extent unknown, perhaps, even to themselves; and many more owe no slight obligation to the pregnant hints every where scattered through his first

great work. His main attempt—viz. to destroy the antithesis between the physical and the moral sciences, and draw them out in one continuous series, by ranging man and his life among natural objects—has established itself as a characteristic of our time, and exhibits more signs of vigor than the older forms of anthropological and social doctrine. If the most marked intellectual tendency of the age be to advance the lines of every science into a domain hitherto distinct—to press physical conceptions into chemistry, chemical into physiology, physiological into morals and politics, and by the energy of inductive law to shoulder metaphysics and theology over the brink of the world altogether—it is largely due to the action, direct and indirect, of the *Philosophie Positive*.

The doctrines of Comte can scarcely be appreciated without some reference to his personal career. On this point, indeed, he himself lays no little stress; and he has accordingly supplied, in a series of prefaces, an autobiographical sketch of his mental history. It appears that during his earliest years he was exposed to two singularly inharmonious influences, whose struggle must have affected his whole development. His family belonged to the Catholic and monarchical party in the South of France; to conciliate which the first Napoleon had surrendered to ecclesiastical *régime* the young revolutionary schools, in which, at the same time, the exact sciences constituted the preponderant discipline, and the political sentiments of the crisis still remained. No amalgamation could well take place between elements so discordant. From the first, the theological influence seems to have found no entry into our author's nature; and his whole problem was to bring his political and social ideas into some systematic relation to his mathematical and physical knowledge. In this respect his genius and character bear the true Napoleonic type; and as the exiled Emperor at St. Helena shows himself still the officer of artillery, and regards the world from the engineering point of view, so Comte betrays the same tendency to push dynamics into the conquest of history and mankind, and coerce the universe of life and persons into the formulas applicable to *things*. The French tendency to large and neat generalisation, so tempting to the love of order, so

dangerous to the paramount feeling of truth, does not appear to have been checked in him by any considerable devotion to the *literæ humaniores*. No trace appears of the scholarly habits of mind, and that peculiar balance of faculty, to which philological and moral studies seem to be indispensable. Though his view over history is wide, and supplies him with many original reflections, yet the tact of sympathetic criticism is nowhere found, and the dominance of the natural philosopher's rules of thought is always conspicuous. His mathematical training was completed in the Polytechnic School; and during its progress he seems to have fallen under the influence of St. Simon, and caught the inspiration of his socialistic dreams. This influence he himself professes to have been "disastrous;" inasmuch as it suspended his purely philosophical activity in favor of schemes of direct political experiment. But the disciples of this singular enthusiast have always reproached Comte with intellectual plagiarism from their master; and certainly the historical generalisations of Comte continually remind us of the principles and methods of the earlier school. After long dissatisfaction with the disorderly condition of all political and social speculation, and an eager desire to carry the exactitude of physical science up into the phenomena of life and humanity, he at last realised his hope in 1822, at the age of twenty-four, by the discovery of his great law as to the three successive phases of human evolution. This law is as follows: that, both in the individual and in the history of mankind, thought, in dealing with its problems, passes of necessity through (1) a theological stage; (2) a metaphysical; before reaching (thirdly, and finally) the positive; resorting, in the earliest instance, to the idea of living and personal agents as the motive-power of nature; then proceeding to substitute abstract entities, such as force, substance, &c.; and only at last content to relinquish every thing except the study and classification of phenomena in their relations of time and place. In 1825-6 he sketched in some minor essays the mode of applying this law to the re-organisation of the body politic; and in the latter year commenced an oral exposition of his discovery in its entire range of application. His course was unhappily interrupted by a *profond orage cérébral*, in other words, a

temporary attack of mental disorder; for their mismanagement of which he fiercely attacks his physicians and the usages of their profession. His recovery enabled him to complete his lectures in 1829. This *viv-voce* exposition forms the basis of his great work, *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, the publication of which extended over twelve years, from 1830-1842. It consists of six very thick volumes, divided into sixty *leçons*; during the course of which he reviews, by the light of his law, the *ensemble* of human knowledge, beginning with the purely quantitative sciences, as the most simple; and having taken the inorganic studies in the order of retreat from this primitive base, advancing 'to the province of physiology. The laws won in that field he carries up into anthropology; and by adding on the effects of combining men in associated numbers, he seeks to establish a special and crowning science of *Sociology*. It is on his ability to accomplish this final object that he stakes the whole credit of his method; and whatever is prior to this he regards as the mere vestibule to his great structure. The better to secure a trial of his claims upon this issue, he has made his sociological system the subject of a separate work, *Système de Politique Positive*: in which the natural sciences are entirely left behind, and his law is applied exclusively to the relations of human nature and history. The second title of this work, *Traité de Sociologie*, being borrowed from his essay of 1824, resumes, in 1851, the thread of his early career.

In the mean while a complete revolution had taken place both in his inner character and in his external relations; cutting his life into two dissimilar periods, the identity of which in the same person his original disciples must find it difficult to realise. The severe mathematician, the rigorous philosophic censor, the scornful materialist, is now converted into the "High-Priest of the Religion of Humanity," the chief of the "Occidental Republic," the type of the "Regeneration of the Affections," sending missionary despatches to Russian emperors and Turkish viziers, and surrendered apparently to the visionary enthusiasms of a St. Simon or a Robert Owen. He speaks of himself as the founder of a new, final, and universal worship. He claims an annual subsidy from his disciples, in support of his sacerdotal character, and addresses the



yearly circular which demands the tax to all the Western lands. He repudiates our chronological era and the Roman calendar; makes 1788 his zero of human history, which begins for him with the French Revolution; gives us thirteen months in the year, and a day over for commemorating all the dead; and dates his productions in a way very horrifying to Quakers, and questionable even to Hero-worshippers; finishing one preface on the 23d Aristotle, year 63, another on 12th Dante, a third on the 25th Charlemagne; writing to the Emperor Nicholas on 19th Bichat; and to Reschid Pacha on the 7th Homer, &c. Whence this extraordinary change in a man trained under the austere discipline of the exact sciences? Skillful observers of human character might perhaps notice in his first great work symptoms of great personal peculiarity, but certainly nothing which could prepare them for his later exhibitions. An overbearing dogmatism and astounding self-appreciation appear in all his expositions; and the personal preface in which he takes leave of the last volume of his *Philosophie*, besides betraying frequent soreness and bickerings towards the Académie and the *savants* of the day, querulously turns upon the authorities of the Polytechnic School for not appointing him to one of the higher professorships, and almost dares them to dismiss him from the subordinate post he held there. His contemptuous estimate of the reputations of the hour and the intellectual spirit of his time would have more effect but for the manifest admixture of disappointed feeling; for threnodies on the "decline of science" are heard with impatience when deriving their inspiration from personal grievances. There may have been grounds for the complaints of persecution so frequently insinuated against Arago; but there is enough in Comte's teaching and influence, notwithstanding his incontestable genius, to explain some indisposition on the part of the directors of public education to trust him with distinguished functions, without supposing malignant cabals against him, prompted by jealousy, and working by mean intrigue. Having publicly proclaimed his real or supposed injuries, and challenged dismissal, he was almost unavoidably taken at his word; and in 1843-4 underwent what he terms his "polytechnic spoliation," followed by seven years of persecution from the "pedantocracy" of Paris. It was during this

interval that the agency presented itself which created his "second career." He had been thrown back entirely on private life; he had just completed his "immense elaboration," and his six volumes were before the world; and he had attained, in some involuntary way, another kind of freedom, not specifically defined, but termed an "irreproachable moral freedom,"—a phrase which, interpreted by its connections, evidently means a dissolution of the marriage-tie. Disengaged in so many senses, he is no way claimed by the past, but open to new impulses; and just at this opportune crisis, by a destiny which might be called providential, were it not that "theological ideas are cerebral infirmities," he fell in with "an incomparable angel," similarly separated from matrimonial obligations, Mme. Clotilde de Vaux. Drawn to sympathy at first by "the sad conformity of their domestic destinies," they soon find that each nature is constituted to give what the other wants; she knows nothing of Positivism, and he nothing of love, and neither unwilling to learn the lesson of the other. Comte attributes the previous sleep of his gentler feelings, first to his early withdrawal from the domestic circle into a scholastic seclusion; and next to a marriage which he had contracted on purpose to repair his deficient affections, and which, thus taken as a prescription, very naturally failed to produce any new symptoms. It was not too late, however, at the age of forty-five, for the "better human sentiments" to be awakened in him; their energy, indeed, was all the greater for their previous exceptional repression; and when appealed to by a type of feminine nature unequalled in the past and present, and unsurpassable in the future, they effected in him a moral resurrection, became the source of new positivist inspirations, and completed the conditions of his great mission—to reorganise entirely the whole of human existence on the principle of giving ascendancy to the heart over the understanding. Of this lady, though he speaks of her in all his prefaces as an object of interest to the whole world, we know nothing, except that she was unhappy, and converted Comte from philosophical vigor to puerile sentimentality. She had begun, it seems, a fiction (*Wilhelmine*) intended to correct the mischievous influence of the doctrines of Mme. Dudevant; and her admirer makes it a topic of special praise, both of her and of himself, that notwithstanding

ing their own unfavorable experience, they always inculcated the sacredness of marriage, and resisted the laxity of domestic morals too prevalent in France. When, however, he tells us that the heroine of the unfinished tale was to "have passed successively through the chief actual aberrations," preserved through all by natural purity and elevation, so as to end at last in domestic felicity, it is difficult to recognise the superiority in moral conception to the novels of George Sand; nor can we wonder that the authoress's family were unwilling, after her death, to give effect to her wish that the Ms. should be left in Comte's hands. A single year was the term of that "incomparable objective union" which was to alter his whole future career; her early death then restored him to his solitude, and left him, as he says, to the fainter though more assiduous exercise of "subjective adoration." Had any remnant of religious belief still clung to him, this event would have swept it away: "Were it possible," he says, "for my reason ever to go back to that theological condition which is adapted only to the infancy of humanity, this catastrophe would suffice to make me reject with indignation the providential optimism which affects to console our miseries by enjoining on us a stupid admiration of the most frightful disorders. Ever-innocent victim as thou art, scarcely knowing life but by its deepest griefs, thou art laid low at the very moment when at length a worthy personal happiness commenced, closely connected with a human social mission! And I too, though less pure—did I deserve, after so many unjust sufferings, to have thus frustrated the long-delayed felicity reserved for a lonely existence constantly devoted, from its opening, to the fundamental service of humanity? Does not, moreover, this twofold private calamity constitute a public loss in a way to exclude all ideas of compensation?" With this sentiment he seems to have completely imbued her own mind, little as it seems to breathe the feminine tenderness which he ascribes to her; for she died repeating again and again the strong-minded protest that she did not deserve so to suffer and be cut off.

The philosopher's heart, however, once softened, scarcely knows how to make enough of its newly-discovered susceptibilities. Not only did the image of his mother, whom he acknowledges to have inadequately loved dur-

ing her lifetime,—terminated fourteen years before,—now appear to him in a more affecting light; but his servant-maid,—“the incomparable Sophie,” endowed, as he observes, with the fortunate inability to read, which the more strongly brings out her rectitude and penetration,—becomes a model of womanly perfection, and completes his triad of guardian angels. He celebrates them all as concerned in the tardy realisation of his emotional life, and wishes it to be understood that their inspiration is silently present in the whole execution of his great mission. But Madame Clotilde is still the dominant influence; and the terms in which the influence is described are most extraordinary, exhibiting the extravagance of passion without its poetry, and reduced to a mere affair of quantity, and uttering its devotion in tones that seem rather to mock at other religion than to breathe their own. What Dante has done for Beatrice, Comte will more effectually accomplish for his “holy Clotilde;” whose name, associated with his own, is to go down and be preserved in the most distant and imperishable memories of a grateful humanity. And it is highly characteristic, that her title to this eternal distinction is always her influence upon *him*, and therefore her instrumentality in the development of Positivism: *his* system, his discoveries, his genius, constitute the grand permanent essence; as connected with his public life an importance belongs to his private life, and this importance is shared by her who so powerfully moved him. The impression throughout is simply this: “When the Himalayas fall in love and make sonnets of thunder the most distant hamlets of the plain will ask ‘Who is it?’” It was through her angelic agency that he has become a really double organ for human nature, the representative at once of its intellect and of its soul; and without her he would never have been able, in his own person, to append to the career of an Aristotle that of a St. Paul! He certainly awards to the “new Beatrice” titles which have no parallel in the immortal verse that celebrates the elder one; for she is at once his “*subjective mother*,” the source of his second and regenerated life, and his “*objective daughter*,” the docile pupil of his first and intellectual life. Nor do merely human analogies and relations suffice to express and satisfy his feeling. This lady is to be recognised, not by him alone in his three daily prayers,

but by all truly regenerate people, as "the best personification of the Supreme Being." Candor, however, requires us to acknowledge that, in claiming this highest distinction, he is by no means exclusive in his affection; for within a few pages he says, that to the positivists every worthy woman habitually furnishes the best representation of the true *Grand-Etre*, and that the affective sex is, in his system, set up as the moral Providence of the human race. In his annual circular of 1853, addressed to the tributaries who furnish his subsidy, he explains how it is that he spends so much more of his moderate income in house-rent than in maintenance; he admits that his lodgings, strictly speaking, exceed his actual material wants, but urges that they were the "scene of his moral regeneration under the angelic impulse which commanded his second life;" and, considering the decisive blessings which the West has already received from this source, he would charge with ingratitude all those who, sharing the public and private benefits of the new religion, would let him be torn from the scene of their origin. These holy walls, with the adored image for ever imprinted on them, are a daily help in developing an intimate worship of the best personation of the Supreme Being; and have proved so "during all those years, already not a few, in which her glorious subjective eternity has taken the place (alas, too soon) of her sad objective existence." There, under this resistless patronage, such a harmony establishes itself between his private and his public life, that the advances of each may soon extend to the other; so as to make him feel the true theory of their unity long before putting it into expression. Thus the same environment which witnessed his first regeneration will soon find itself consecrated by many decisive celebrations of the chief social sacraments. "I have just completed," he says, "the principal part of my religious structure, and the decisive little work in which the subjective participation of my holy eternal companion is already unanimously recognised. How else shall I be able to achieve, with equal advantage, the remainder of the principal elaboration, and even the less important works that will follow? I have already reached the age when I must scrupulously administer my time and my means of executing, with full cerebral vigor, all that I promised at the end of my fundamental work. It is for

this reason that I shall always repudiate the stupid material economy which would deprive me of a powerful spiritual assistance." The fantastic forms under which, here and elsewhere, the author's egotism and self-exaggeration present themselves; the elaborate minuteness with which for the benefit of the "West" and the "Future" he publishes his sickliest feelings; the pomp with which he claims "eternal veneration" as well as temporal maintenance for his "noble services,"—might induce a suspicion that he is playing a part, and practising on the simplicity of his disciples. Nor is it easy, in estimating minds of this peculiar constitution, to draw the psychological, or even the moral, distinction between self-flattery and artful misuse of the confidence of others. But Comte's dogmatic self-assertion, whether it speaks in maudlin softness or with hieratic grandeur, we believe to be perfectly sincere; the homage which a nature barren of every superhuman reverence, and paying only a provisional respect to the past phases of mankind, necessarily turns in upon itself. Of Divine and permanent in the universe he admits nothing; and of its progressive phenomena he himself is the newest and ripest,—the blossom shaped at length from the rising sap, and tinted by the growing light, of history. There was a grand fate concerned, he intimates, in his encounter with Madame Clotilde; the rebirth of his heart was indispensable; and "the *ensemble* of human destinies commissioned an incomparable angel to deliver to him the general result of the gradual perfectionating of our moral nature." He evidently looks on the whole past as a mere prelude to his own labors, and having no significance except as ushering them in; all its products, like the nodding sheaves in Joseph's dream, are to stand round upon the field and bow to him. If any thing lingers on the world that is too stiff-necked and refractory for this, it will simply have to disappear; and the only force that remains to older modes of thought is just sufficient for the process of mutual annihilation, that Positivism may enter upon the cleared field without a blow. For example, throughout the area prepared by the Roman empire, two incompatible forms of monotheism, Islam and Catholicism, have for upwards of a millennium aspired to universality; at last they are exhausted; for five centuries the crescent has renounced its pretensions to the West, and

the Cross surrenders to its "eternal antagonist" the very locality which it first consecrated. The ancient territory of the civilised world is nearly equally divided between the two; they have no longer any energy that is productive and conquering, but only enough to neutralise and extinguish each other in favor of the Positive Philosophy. For this hour the philosophy, through its antecedents, has been all the while preparing itself. Remounting by the steps of a noble filiation, Comte claims Hume as his chief forerunner in philosophy, with Kant as an accessory, whose fundamental conception waited for true development in Positivism. In relation to political doctrine, he was preceded by Condorcet, in conjunction with De Maistre, whose principles first became fruitful in the positive school, and are no where else appreciated. Add to these Bichat and Gall as his predecessors in scientific physiology, and you have the six recent names that connect him with the three systematic fathers of the true modern philosophy, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz. Higher still, he finds *himself* again in the middle ages, under the cowl of Thomas Aquinas, the cloak of Roger Bacon, and the wreath of Dante; and thus directly reaches his true precursor, the prince of genuine thinkers, the incomparable Aristotle. Though *the world* was not ready till now for the final retreat of monotheism before the positive philosophy, all capable thinkers instinctively felt their relative merits, however imperfectly they expressed their feeling. Tacitus and Trajan, it is now admitted, were right in pronouncing "inimical to the human race" a religion which consigned perfection to a celestial isolation, disowned the dignity of labor by deducing it from a divine curse, and made woman the source of all evil. Those eminent men did but anticipate the ultimate judgment of matured humanity. They could not be aware of the provisional benefits of which, during the infancy of a new civilisation, this faith was to be the medium; and they pronounced what the ripened reason of our age at length confirms. And when the Christian priesthood and influence had finally become effete and retrograde, it was reserved for M. Comte, by fully satisfying the intellect and sentiments of these last days, to assume the Pontificate of Humanity, and vindicate the ancient instinctive antipathy of philosophy to Christian or other theology. It is worthy of remark, however,

that while, in his survey of old times, his sympathies resort to the judgment of philosophic emperors and historians against a faith of the common and even the servile class, it is his cue, in dealing with the present day, to invert this order of preference, to speak slightly of the educated and ruling orders of society, and to pay special court to the proletary class, especially the women among them, and above all, if they have the "fortunate inability to read." Among these alone, he says, can be found the openness to real truth, and the reverent docility necessary to true discipleship; the freedom from preoccupation by either retrograde or anarchical ideas; and more particularly, the mind unspoiled by pretended private judgment on political and other matters quite beyond them. Already has the proletary class suffered in this way from the exercise of universal suffrage; and only in women, through their happy exemption from political rights and interests, has the requisite submissiveness of spirit been preserved. To them, therefore, he especially appeals; not without a consciousness that he has some resistance to expect from their feeling in favor of certain doctrines on which he throws contempt, in particular the doctrine of a future life. But this repugnance, he assures them, is quite a mistake; and if they will only reflect that he makes *them* the true personification of the *Grand-Etre*, and through their influence on the affections of men gives them a *subjective* immortality in the minds of others, they will be convinced that his system is far from being dry and cold, and will be ashamed to regret the loss of a mere egoistic futurity. Does not positivism lay down the law of "eternal widowhood" (i. e. forbid second marriages)? How, then, can it be said not to provide an honorable homage to feminine affection? In all this bidding for support from particular classes, there is surely something little-worthy of either a philosophy or a faith. And when we connect with it the assertion, in the fifth volume of his first great work, that probably up to that time he was himself his only disciple, it can scarcely fail to appear like the expression of morbid disappointment. The more and more eccentric displays of pretension which characterise his later volumes, are painful to all who appreciate his earlier genius. But they are too curious as psychological studies, and too vitally connected with the distinctive type of his doc-



trine, to be left out of sight. Indeed, he so constantly insists on the inseparable connection of his subjective experience with his public action on the world, that it is impossible, by his own rule, to characterise his system without tracing the manifestations of his idiosyncrasy.

The episodic treatise in which are found the most peculiar exhibitions of his later mode, is the *Catéchisme Positiviste*, announced, as translated by Mr. Congreve, at the head of this article. It was published towards the end of 1862, and forms a kind of *excursus* from the second volume of his *Politique*. It is in the form of dialogue, between himself, as sacerdotal instructor, and an "angelic interlocutrix," who is no other than Madame Clotilde. The conversations unfold the mysteries of the positivist "religion;" the attributes of the "incomparable goddess" of humanity; the "institution of guardian angels;" the three daily prayers; the organisation of the priesthood, and the whole ritual and calendar of this new anti-faith. The date of publication was purposely fixed near the commencement of Louis Napoleon's dictatorship. That crisis, the author intimates, had imposed a salutary silence on all babblers (*i.e.* had extinguished journalism, political association, and discussion); and he avails himself of the sudden stillness to obtain a hearing, and to "direct especially the feminine and the proletary thought to his fundamental revolution." His previous scientific expositions address to the popular mind too antipathetic a treatment to win the indispensable success; and to meet the conditions of active propagation, he turns outward the moral and affective side of his doctrine, asking leave to use only two pairs of strictly scientific terms, which he cannot do without, *viz.* "*statical and dynamical*," "*objective and subjective*." Here, then, if anywhere, we may expect to find the results on which he dwells with greatest pride; and if we must seek in his larger works the logical root and evolution of his system, here is the depository of its choicest fruits. Yet, strange to say, the book is inconceivably absurd; and it is only in the literature of Mormonism that any thing more childish and dismal can be found. Mr. Congreve's affectionate reverence for his master is undoubted; and the aim of this translation is certainly to glorify, not humiliate, the new hierophant. People have always differed

about monuments; and Madame Tussaud is known to believe that the saints and heroes look best in waxwork and their own old clothes.

Since the publication of the books of Exodus and Leviticus, no more elaborate system of "religion" has appeared than M. Comte's. It has its *cultus*, private and public; its organisation of dogma; its discipline, penetrating to the whole of life; its altars, its temples, its symbolism, its prescribed gestures and times; its ratios of length for the different parts and sorts of prayer: its rules for opening or shutting the eyes; its ecclesiastical courts and rules of canonisation; its orders of priesthood and scale of benefices; its adjustment of the temporal to the spiritual power; its novitiate and consecration; its nine sacraments; its angels, its last judgment, its paradise: in short, all imaginable requisites of a religion,—except a God. Were it not for this omission, we should feel an interest in examining a structure so curious and careful. But in presence of this blank, any serious estimate of the scheme would be as idle as for the geographer to discuss the climate and flora of his dreams, or the architect to measure the spires of the frost-work and criticise the castles in the clouds.

It may well be asked, what possible principle of coherence, what inner meaning at all, there can be in a system professing atheism, yet propagating a "religion." With the answer to this natural inquiry we shall be content, and then proceed to a less repulsive side of our author's doctrine. His originality is sometimes too great for his conservatism; and he wants now and then some equivalent for what he has been ruthlessly cancelling. Having superseded "monotheism," he finds it necessary to invent a "new Supreme Being;" and such Being he has accordingly provided, and ordered to be represented in statuary by "a woman of thirty, with a child in her arms." This *Grand-Etre* is "the aggregate of co-öperative beings endowed with nervous systems of three centres;"\* the sum-total of the civilized or progressive part of our race, whether past, present, or future; the picked clay of humanity, that falls kindly into an idealising mould. The greater portion of

\* *Réflexions synthétiques, au point de vue positiviste, sur la Philosophie, la Morale et la Religion; court Aperçu de la Religion positive, &c., systématisée ou fondée par Auguste Comte, p. 66.*



mankind's *ἀπὸροι* having become historical, and each generation adding its quota to the noble dead, "the Supreme Being is not yet fully formed," but receives "new component parts" so long as our planet remains habitable by men. "In the composition of the Great Being the dead occupy the first place, then those who are yet to be born. The two together are far more numerous than the living, most of whom too are only its servants, without the power at present of becoming its organs. There are but few men, and still fewer women, who admit of being satisfactorily judged in this respect before the completion of their objective career" (p. 89). After death, however,—so it is said with shocking burlesque,—there comes to each the judgment, that is, the verdict of his fellow-citizens whether he is worthy to be contributed to the *Grand-Etre*; and should he be voted into so sublime a place, his presence thenceforward in the recognised ideal of humanity constitutes his "future life,"—his "subjective immortality."

We need not proceed further. What the worship of saints would be, if the King of Saints were dead,—nay, what the sceptic Euhemerus actually supposed the Hellenic mythology to be,—such deification of mortals in default of an Immortal is the avowed religion of positivism. The minutest prescriptions are given for conducting the whole process, both mental and ritual. At your altar in the morning, for instance, you are to adore your mother,—probably (if you are adult) "become subjective" to you, and requiring to be brought before your secret vision. To help the effort and express the inwardness of the object, you must shut your eyes. This done, you first set up the *place* on which the figure is to enter; next, fix her intended attitude; thirdly, choose her dress; and then, at length, permit herself to glide into view; taking care to idealise by subtraction only, not by addition. In due order, the prayer to her ensues; consisting for the first half of the hour in "commemoration" of her goodness; then, for the rest, in "effusion" of the feelings thus awakened. The evening prayer is to be said in bed, and to be only half as long; and the midday devotion may limit itself to recitals of a quarter of an hour. The wife and the daughter (or, for a woman, the husband and son) are to be conjoined as guardian angels with the mother, and to have their

turn of homage. The public worship only applies the same principle to a wider circle of relations, running through and celebrating all the great social ties, the several stages of human progress, the natural classes of the body-politic; and forming an ecclesiastical calendar, with special services all through the year. The temples are all to face towards the metropolis of humanity,—Paris, of course; but meanwhile the positivists will not object to use the churches and cathedrals as they are, and occupy them as they fall into disuse. Even the Madonnas may pass well enough, with altered name, for the Goddess of Humanity. But instead of the cross (or of the crescent) must be substituted, as sign of the faith, the curve described by the hand in touching the three chief cerebral organs. There are no elements too incongruous to blend in this strange "religion." The dissecting-room, the high altar, the lover's bower, all subscribe their proportion to its ceremonial and sentiment; not without an ever-recurring preponderance of the last, significantly expressed in the saying, that "soon the knee of man will never bend except to woman." \*

It is dreary enough, yet pathetic too, to stand by and see the great materialist elaborately mimic the Catholic Church, which had surrounded his youth with its forms without holding his manhood by its faith. The meaning was gone, but the picture remained, and looked in at every deeper and gentler hour with a lingering charm. The sacrament of early life was disenchanted; yet he could not withdraw his eye. He forgot that the wine of the Real Presence was poured out, and adored the empty cup. His plagiarisms from Catholicism are not confined to the details of external ritual. He owns, and tries to imitate, the vast moral power it exercises through its biographical traditions, its gallery of martyrs and saints; and to embody this education by ideals is one of the chief ambitions of his system. He missed the deeper truth, that these lesser pieties depend upon a greater; that the human reverences constitute a true hierarchy, which falls into confusion when the Supreme term is gone; that though lower men may give veneration to a higher, he is higher no more if in his heart he accepts it; and that only when the whole heart of humanity is habitually drawn upward in trust of a Living Perfection, can we

\* *Politique positive*, vol. i. p. 269.

safely apportion homage to one another. Once or twice, indeed, the suspicion seems to cross him that, if indeed we stand at the head of living natures, the conditions of any collective humility must fail, and that it would be better for aspiration could we retain the sense of "our inferiority to angelic beings." But there will ever "appear above us" (so he answers his own misgiving) "a type of Real Perfection, below which we must still remain, though it invites our persevering efforts to continual approximation." May we not ask, *Where*, then, do you find this "type of Real Perfection above us?" Is it indeed "*Real*" to you? Or is it *Ideal*,—and that in the poor sense of being merely *imaginary*? If we stand at the summit of the hierarchy, the space "above us" is a blank, and has neither "type" nor attraction any whither. The angels and God being removed, no concrete personal living "perfection" exists beyond our humanity, and what you substitute is an abstraction feigned by our forecasting fancy—not an *actual Being other than ourselves*, but a *potential state of certain future selves*. Is not this poor ghost, which counterfeits the "Real" object of faith and trust, an involuntary testimony to the indispensable energy of that religious aspiration for which Comte's universe is empty of all provision?

From this desolate side of positivism we gladly turn to estimate some of its distinctive features as a theory of human knowledge and a classification of the sciences. Its leading positions are these:

Theology and Metaphysics are two successive stages of nescience unavoidable as precludes to all Science.

We can know nothing but phenomena, their co-existences and successions; and the test of our knowledge is prevision.

By "phenomena" must be understood objects of *perception*, to the exclusion of psychological change reputed to be self-known.

The idea of Causality, efficient or final, is an illusion which should be expelled from philosophy.

The sciences logically arrange themselves in a certain series, according to the growing complexity of their phenomena; and their historical agrees with their logical order.

The first and the last of these positions involve *historical* assertions, as to the actual procedure of the human mind, of the most

sweeping kind. To test them satisfactorily would require a survey of the whole march of civilisation, and a critique upon its springs of movement possible only to the regular historian of knowledge. It is easy enough, over so wide a field, to gather and group examples in confirmation or in disproof; but the evidence of a general law depends on the balance of the whole, and can only be estimated on the large scale. We shall not attempt, therefore, to explain the grounds of our prevailing dissent from Comte's historical rules, or the connections which might perhaps save whatever truth they have. We address ourselves in preference to the three intermediate positions, which are the real key to the whole system.

A question, however, arises *in limine* as to the name of this "philosophy." Why call it "*Positive*"? From what is it discriminated by this epithet? The terms with which it stands in contrast, and which mark what it would exclude and replace, are "*theological*" and "*metaphysical*." But neither of these is its proper correlate, or would ever occur to the mind in connection with it. Each of them might be thrown into various antitheses: "*theological*" might be opposed to anthropologic, to atheistic, to naturalistic, &c., "*metaphysical*," to physical, to historical, to logical, &c.; but cannot, in virtue of its own meaning or definition, be made a contrary to "*positive*." The only opposition into which this word can be thrown is expressed by the term "*negative*;" and what Comte really means to intimate by this phrase is, that there is *nothing at all* in either theology or metaphysics, and that his procedure is distinguished from them both by *having all the reality to itself*. He is quite at liberty to think so, and to make good the boast, if he can; but to embody it in his nomenclature, and adopt it as the base of his classification, is in the highest degree unphilosophical, an offence at once against logical precision and moral propriety. To arrogate merit under the guise of a scientific division, is quite inadmissible, except in the code of quack-advertisements and ecclesiastical polemics. It is as if we were to divide human studies into politics, poetry, and *sense*; or to classify men as merchants, farmers, and *fools*. If we take away the coloring of self-praise involved in the word "*positive*," the attribute which we require to mark is simply this,—

the limitation of research to phenomena, in their orders of resemblance, co-existence, and succession; an idea which the word *positive* has no tendency whatever to convey. *Phenomenological*, as opposed to *ontological*, indicates the character which Comte requires to express; and had he stated it thus, we should have recognised an old and well-established antithesis, and perceived that the theology and metaphysics which he separates into two states are essentially one; conjointly, indeed, opposed to his exclusiveness, but only on principles common to them both. The recognition of *reality* behind appearance, of *causation* as well as manifestation, is that which they assume and Comte denies. The nature of the controversy is disguised, and its issue taken for granted, by the substitution of a threefold for a twofold classification, and the appropriation to the final form of a laudatory predicate instead of a neutral definition.

Beyond the *petitio principii* involved in this choice of a word, nothing whatever is advanced to show that phenomena and their laws are the only accessible objects of human thought. The principle is diligently reiterated without end; but its evidence is never adduced, and the difficulties attending its admission are nowhere appreciated. The axiom being laid down that phenomena are all in all (and further, as we shall see, that perception is the sole medium of intelligence), it is clear that there can be no knowledge but physical; and it is only stating this proposition from the other side, to say that all theological and metaphysical conceptions which go beyond phenomena are invalid: they must be negative, if only the other be positive. Tried by the tests of physical knowledge, ontological cannot but fail; its genius being wholly different, and its criteria not the same. It is the perpetual boast of Comte that positive science gives *prevision*, a triumph never won by its rivals. True, but not very conclusive; for *prevision*,—the perception of what is to turn up hereafter,—is an apprehension of *phenomena*, and naturally must arise from the study of phenomena, and not from reflection on *realities other than phenomena*. So far forth as theology and metaphysics have presumed to obtrude themselves into any science of observation, and usurp its proper work, so far have they mistaken their province, and deserved the reproach of failure. Nothing that they can

teach respecting the causation and meaning of things will enable us to determine beforehand the particular course of comical or human events, or in the least dispense with the necessity of inductive research. It is one thing to have true faith and insight respecting the infinite sources of all possibilities, and quite another to be familiar with the order of concrete actualities. But this rule reads both ways; and if there be no right of road in one direction, neither is there in the other; and Comte can no more disturb the theologian's truth than the theologian can interfere with his. If prevision is impossible, if we cannot operate forward from the absolute to the relative, conversely we cannot operate backward from the relative to the absolute; and the positivist should as little pretend to deny upwards as the theologian to affirm downwards. As no theist professes that God is a phenomenon, the failure of phenomenological research to meet Him contradicts no one's faith; and the boast of one investigator that he found no God at the end of his telescope, and of another that the cerebral dissecting-knife comes across no human soul, misconceived altogether, though quite in the spirit of Comte, the fundamental conditions of the problem. *Oura* are known not as the corollaries, but as the postulates, of phenomena; and if not recognised at the beginning, will never be found at the end. The two orders of apprehension, though each is the complement of the other, have no common measure; and endless contradiction arises from confounding their functions and methods.

Above all, is it absurd to test the validity of theological and metaphysical conceptions by their power of movement and "progress?" Why, the very sameness with which they are taunted,—their patience from age to age,—is precisely the sole conceivable evidence they could offer that they are what they profess to be, the representation in us of the constancies of the universe. And nothing could more effectually discredit them, as the steady shadows of eternal entity, than a history of growth and change. If they indeed be, as they pretend, the background of cognition answering to the abiding realities which hold all phenomena, it is their business and function to keep still. Their vindication lies in their permanence. They are the conservative elements of all knowl-

edge; the base and condition of movement, but not the moving thing; the vital atmosphere that sustains it, but not its beating wing. Do you complain that the ideas of Causality, of Soul, of God, of Substance, never get on, but are essentially what they always were? Instead of damaging them, you give the highest possible testimony to their veracity and authority. Did they sweep forward, as you desire, they would belie their word, and be detected as belonging to the tide of physical change, not to the infinite deep below. If on account of this stationary character any one denies to these ideas the name of knowledge; if this word, as implying distinction and plurality, be refused to the self-identical and simple,—we shall not object, provided it be understood that they are, if not knowledge, the conditions of knowledge; if not the objects seen, the light by which we see; that reliance on them is indispensable to reading the universe as it is, and that the enlarging field of phenomena and law finds them still equal to their all-comprehensive function, though needing revision in their special form and application.

And to what, after all, amount the alleged "unprogressiveness" and "barrenness" of all conceptions except of phenomena and their laws? If by this be meant that we spin no theological cotton, and lay down no metaphysical telegraphs, that our breakfast-table displays our electro-plate, but not our creed,—the remark is true, but trivial enough. If it asserts that men's private temper, and family administration, and political aims and social sympathies, are unaffected by their religious and philosophical convictions; that those convictions have ceased to influence what the poet writes, the historian tells, the artist paints, what the schoolmaster teaches, what the merchant does with his wealth, what the patriot and the statesman endeavor to achieve by law,—the statement is as false as it is startling. Much as we are in the habit of hearing about the old "ages of faith," when nobody doubted and every body obeyed, they never put in an appearance in real history, but shrink away like a golden age from the illumination of direct evidence, and retire into an elder darkness. Beyond the select enclosure of the Church order, there have always been hardy and defiant spirits, or thoughtless and indifferent, or subtle and refined, that have yielded their inner life but little to theo-

logical authority; and wherever opportunity of expression has been given, as in the earliest poetry of France and Italy, this fact has unambiguously displayed itself. There seems no reason to suppose that theological and philosophical ideas ever had more power in the world than they have at this moment; though their scattered and unorganised condition precludes them from embodied and hierarchical manifestation of authority. M. Comte has no appreciation of the freedom and variety of movement which the human mind in its modern development demands. With the French tendency to idolise the "unity of power," and to see in distributed and individual forces nothing but "*anarchy*," he treats the insurrection against Catholicism as a dissolution of faith; and considers all the private and personal substitutes for the theocratic *régime* of the Church as merely provisional disguises of irretrievable decay. Nor does it occur to him that it is illogical to demand from the theological and abstract convictions of men the same direct and visible application to the business of the passing hour of which their technical knowledge is susceptible. In our practical work we have to deal with phenomena and modify them; and here the instruments of our power can only be found in right apprehension of the laws of phenomena. Theology and metaphysics do not profess to teach us these; but to go behind them, and enable us to think truly of their ground and source; supposing this promise realised, it can evidently give us no new arts, no rules by which either to predict or to command any particular succession of external facts. But the influence upon our tone of sentiment and affection, upon the interpretation we put on life and nature, on the admirations we feel and the ideal we follow, is profound and powerful, although indefinite. It is always difficult, indeed, to fetch out this power into actual life, and give it concrete application; to bridge over the interval between our faith respecting real being and our manipulation with transient phenomena; to incorporate a spiritual religion into a working church: and of this confessed difficulty Comte avails himself to persuade us that the "positive sciences" contain the only practical order of human ideas. But the same argument would equally discredit all our ideas of beauty, harmony and sublimity; whose expression is, in like manner and from like



causes, difficult to create into palpable forms, and when so created, is equally inoperative in the prediction and command of phenomena. If the merchant does not keep his books by his theology, neither does the artist bake his bread by his aesthetics; and in either case the reproach of inefficiency is equally idle.

But Comte not only restricts the intellect to phenomena, he restricts the word "phenomena" to the *changes perceptible by sense*. They must be *external* to us, presented to material observation, in order to become "facts" at all. Successions of *feeling, idea and will*, known to us by consciousness, are to be thrown out of the account, and furnish nothing upon which intelligence can work. *Psychology*, accordingly, resting as it does upon *self-observation*, is a mere illusion; and logic and ethics, so far as they build on it as their foundation, are altogether baseless. This repudiation of all *reflective knowledge* is due chiefly to Comte's acceptance of phrenology,—a system which has always taken an inflated pleasure in knocking out its own brains, by denying *ab initio* the validity of that self-knowledge on which all its own evidence directly or indirectly depends. The arguments on which Comte relies in his criticism on the psychologists are the stock objections of Gall and Spurzheim and Combe, viz. that the mind observing and the mind observed being the same, the alleged fact must be gone and out of reach before it is looked at; that a mental state is not a whole fact, but only a part or function of a fact, being as much a mere outcoming of some cerebral state as the feeling of indigestion is the sensational side of deranged action in the stomach; and that psychologists have never found any thing out, or reaped any scientific fruit. The inadequacy of this argument has been felt and acknowledged by J. P. Mill, whose superior knowledge of psychological literature, and disciplined habits of reflection, enabled him to appreciate far better than the French metaphysician the real value of this class of pursuits.

It is necessary to protest *in limine* against the representation which Comte gives of the "psychological method." He places it in false contrast with a mode of procedure against which it has nothing at all to object, and which its votaries have, in fact, been the chief agents in advancing. Availing himself of De Blainville's remark, that the phenomena

of every living being may be regarded either *statically*, i.e. with reference to the conditions essential to their occurrence, or *dynamically*, i.e. with reference to the products in which they embody themselves, he lays it down that the mental functions must be studied under one of these two aspects: we must either engage ourselves with the *organs* requisite for their manifestation, in which case our work is purely physiological; or we must attend to the construction and course of scientific theories, and compare and analyse the ways of thinking by which the human mind has actually won its knowledge and achieved its progress,—and in this case our task resolves itself into a critique on the intellectual history of mankind. To these two processes he opposes the psychological, which, he says, pretends to discover the fundamental laws of the human mind by contemplating it in itself, i.e. *wholly apart from either causes or effects*. The rivalry thus set up on behalf of the physiologists (to take their case first) every scientific psychologist will entirely disown. He does not in the least object to the most searching investigation of the organic conditions under which the several orders of mental phenomena arise: he only maintains that, besides the relations in which they stand to their bodily antecedents, they also have certain relations *inter se*; that, as felt by us, they are variously like and unlike, so as to be susceptible of classification, and present themselves in determinable sequence so as to be reducible to laws. To effect *these* classifications, and ascertain these laws, is certainly the primary aim of the psychologist. He thinks it possible to attain it by comparative self-knowledge; and even were it proved that the whole-series of phenomena were loose among themselves, produced not one out on another, but each separately from its own prior organic condition, he still deems it a legitimate and useful service to bring into order these derivative uniformities; for there is no reason why in this particular instance the general rule should fail, that order among the effects is a clue to corresponding order in the cause. But in assuming this as his centre of work, the psychologist passes no slight on the physiologist's investigations into the nervous and cerebral conditions of sensation, thought, and emotion. He is well aware that the light of discovered order radiates forward as well as backward, and that if uniformities



of succession or coexistence can be detected in the physical conditions, they will become exponents of similar relations among the mental facts. He simply leaves this indirect method of classification to the physiologist, and himself resorts to the direct; willingly availing himself of every help supplied by researches into the vital organism, and giving no countenance to the narrow-minded assumption that the selection of one order of relations for special attention is a disparagement of another. It is not to the *discoveries*, but to the *fictions* of phrenologists, that intellectual philosophy objects; nor can any one familiar with the writings of Descartes and Locke, of Spinoza and Berkeley, of Reid, Mill, and Hamilton, deny its habitual eagerness to use to the utmost the results placed at its disposal by the zeal of the anatomist. The antagonism, therefore, supposed by Comte is all his own.

It is equally so when he accuses psychologists of *substituting self-examination* for study of the *realised products of human thought*,—such as scientific hypothesis, the history of civilisation, and development of ideas. Not a book of modern psychology can be found, not a dialogue of Plato, not a treatise of Aristotle, in which the logical laws of human reason are not continually illustrated, if not directly deduced, by reference to the organism and method of the sciences, and the recorded procedures of human thought. The value of these historical materials for determining the principles of cognition is not more appreciated by Comte than by the objects of his criticism; the only difference is, that while they consult individual consciousness in addition to the recorded development of the race, and for their power to read and interpret the monuments of intellectual history profess themselves indebted to sympathetic self-reflection, he denies that we can know ourselves, yet insists that we decipher the world. His position, therefore, is simply destructive; and we have not the invidious office of depreciating his proposed methods, which are of admitted value, but only of defending the philosophical competency of our own.

"The chief consideration proving clearly that the mind's practical self-contemplation is a pure illusion," is the following. Whatever the mind knows, is its *object* of knowledge; every *object of knowledge* is other than the

*knowing subject*, therefore what the mind knows can never be itself. "By an invincible necessity, the human mind can immediately observe all phenomena except its own." "The thinking individual cannot divide himself in two; let one reason, while the other looks at the reasoning. The organ observed and the organ observing being in this case the same, how is it possible that observation should have place?"

This argument curiously reverses a celebrated maxim of James Mill,—and, indeed, of Hobbes,—to the effect that *to have a feeling*, and *to know that you have it*, are *identical*. Comte tells us that to have a feeling, and to know that you have it, are *in-compatible*. e.g. I fall into a frozen pond; I know the water and the ice, but I cannot possibly know that I am cold. Or, I go a sea-voyage under bilious conditions; I observe the swaying water and the lurching ship; but "an invincible necessity" conceals from me the fact that I am sick. Of the two things given in the act of perception, viz. the perceptive consciousness and the perceived object, it has usually been supposed possible to doubt the second, but not the first; the very doubt itself bringing, as another state of the conscious self, its own refutation. And accordingly, though we have numerous forms of idealism which construe all outward phenomena into mere appearances within the mind, we have hitherto had no strictly corresponding materialism, cancelling from our knowledge all mental states on the ground of their *being ours*, and claiming certainty for the outer world *precisely because it is foreign to us*. This, however, is the strange position taken up by Comte. The argument by which he supports it is a mere appeal to the mystery which belongs to all cognition, whether of external or internal facts. How is it possible, he asks, that we should know our own state, since we must cease our mental activity in order to observe it? In other words, reflection upon our inner experience must *follow upon* that experience itself, and be separated from it by a certain interval of time. Be it so; why is this more inconceivable than the perception of an outward fact which stands off from me by a certain interval of space? If our intelligence can bridge the chasm of *local separation*, what hinders it from uniting the termini of succession? What is *memory*, if the *present self* can never

know any thing about the *past self*? Its distinction is, that it reports to us, not simply outward things in themselves, but outward things (or inward) as they affect us; so that—it has even been contended—there is properly no memory but of our own former states. If now its reports are *good for nothing*, there is an end of the matter, and human acquaintance with the past is an illusion. But if they be accepted as valid, the knowledge which they supply is either *immediate* or *mediate*. Is it immediate? Then are we immediately cognitive of our own past states, in spite of Comte's maxim. Is it *mediate*? Then do we, as *now* remembering, know something past, as having *then* perceived it; the truth in my present remembrance is just what there was in my former perception; and without immediate cognition of my own state at the percipient moment, no mediate knowledge of it could be given by memory. In fact, the act of perception is necessarily and equally an act of self-consciousness, objective no more than subjective; and to claim for it authority for phenomena without, is in itself to concede to it like authority for phenomena within; nothing being an outward phenomena at all except what appears on the double field of *thought* and *things*, and is known as *being* and as *felt*.

And if we be incapable of knowing our own experiences and thoughts, we cannot perform on them any act of comparison, separation, or combination. Yet what is *human language* but the crystallised form of countless discriminations and analogies, so clearly felt, and frequently referred to, as to demand the means of permanent expression? Comte refers us to scientific theories and logical processes as the only possible means of reaching logical laws. But how could these intellectual methods speak to us intelligibly at all, were it not for the parallel movement of our own thought, carried into the study as interpreter and test? To beings not self-conscious, or not able to rely on their reflective insight into their own ways of intellectual action, the record of other men's reasonings could awaken no responsive intelligence; only through our sympathetic self-knowledge do they find us out and teach us any thing. All grammar, all philology, all scientific language, are in fact *psychological deposits*; not less certainly testifying to the perpetual action of self-reflection, as one

factor of human knowledge, than the geological strata bear witness to the operation through ages past of the very elements that work upon our homesteads and on the beach at our garden-gate to-day. Comte's advice is excellent, if addressed to those who can open their vision upon their own nature and intelligence; but has no sense or application for the sort of blind chimera or one-eyed cyclops that he imagines, with pictures of the universe glazed upon the surface, and never taken home to any known self within. No doubt our *self-knowledge* is dependent to an incalculable extent on the living in a human world, and standing before the face of *other men*: the manifestations of their nature, whether by natural language of the moment or by the historical record of past processes of thought, are conditions necessary to the developement of our reflective faculties; and if we were to insist on insulating the self-consciousness from all these data, that it might spin a science out of its own viscera, we should but impose upon an empty power a self-consuming task. But, on the other hand, our ability to decipher the expression of other minds depends, in its turn, on converse with our own; and to bid us study the fruits of their research and meditation, while despairing of all acquaintance with our own, is to place a banquet before the sleeping or the dead. It is impossible to make *either* of the reciprocal conditions prior to the other; their efficacy lies in the balance and alternation of action and reaction; and so close is the interdependence of psychological and objective knowledge of human nature, that a theory which despises either excludes both.

The objection, however, which Comte is most zealous in urging against the psychologists is, that their method has never been crowned with any success, great or small, and that their labor has been absolutely barren. Even if this statement be tried by the test present to the author's own mind, viz. the amount of direct discovery respecting the processes of the mind, it is a monstrous exaggeration. The logical doctrine of Aristotle, the modern theory of vision, the ascertainment of laws of association and abstraction, Butler's exposition of the moral constitution of man,—deserve to be ranked among positive achievements of a high order, and are recognised as such by the vast majority of competent judges on these points. If

perfect unanimity is not attained even on these doctrines, neither is it secured at present in regard to any of the corresponding parts of biological science; and the only advantage which the positivist has over his predecessors in intellectual philosophy is in his liberal promises for the future; his disparagement of the past not being justified, so far as yet appears, by the detection of a single law of our mental or moral nature. These reproaches of backwardness should at least be reserved till they can be uttered from a point of real advance. Perhaps, too, the test by which the fruitfulness or sterility of a pursuit is estimated by Comte may not be altogether admissible. His demand obviously is for some new field of "prevision" special to psychology: the demand is disappointed, because intrinsically unreasonable. From objective studies we expect objective results; from subjective studies it is natural to look for subjective results; not so much for a *fresh sphere brought into knowledge*, as for a more refined *knowing power*, for quickened faculties self-protected from beguiling errors, for intellectual implements of mere ethereal temper and disciplined skill. That this appropriate effect of reflective studies has been their habitual attendant, is undeniable; every period of intense speculative activity being the precursor of the next advance of even physical science, and educating the faculties up to the point when the discovery of new laws becomes possible; setting the previous gains of human research in due order and relation, and preparing language and method for new service. Alternately acting and studying its action, the mind, whether by *systole* or *diastole*, sustains the pulsation of its living thought; and to demand the one operation without the other, is not less absurd than to complain that the heart does not always propel without resistance. Nor is it only in the successive periods of human culture that this need of reflective studies is observable. No fact is more conspicuous in individual biography and the comparative experiences of education than the systematic superiority, in pliancy and balance of faculty, of men not strange to metaphysical and moral studies, over those who never quit the circle of mathematical relations and physical laws. Were the methods of intellectual and moral philosophy altogether illusory, it is inconceivable that a

certain habituation to them should be an indispensable gymnastic for the mind, and a needful check to the narrowing tendency of the "positive sciences," when exclusively pursued.\*

Closely connected with Comte's contempt for the psychologists is his disrespect for certain ideas and beliefs whose only guarantee is in our self-consciousness. Thus he treats as an illusion our idea of *Causation*; requiring us to dispense with it altogether, not merely in its theological form of *Will*, but no less in its scientific equivalent of *Force*. "Every proposition," he says, "which is not ultimately reducible to the simple enunciation of a fact, particular or general, must be destitute of all real and intelligible meaning." Again: "*Forces*, in mechanics, are only *movements*, produced or tending to be produced; but although this is happily pretty well understood nowadays, yet an essential reform is still required, if not in the conception, at least in the habitual language, in order to cancel altogether the

\* In spite of Comte's contempt for psychology, he is one of the most resolute of psychologists himself; and freely appeals, when convenient, to that very self-consciousness which at other times he declares to be quite blank and dumb. Thus we find him announcing that the "phenomena of life" are "*known by immediate consciousness*" (*Phil. Pos.* vol. ii. p. 648, vol. iii. p. 8); an assertion standing in accurate contradiction to the doctrine on which we have been commenting. Nay, so completely does he forget his denial of any possible self-knowledge, as to affirm, when required for his purpose, that "*man at first knows nothing but himself*;"—so as to apply his self-knowledge as a universal formula for the interpretation of nature. But how could man erect his self-consciousness into a rule for explaining all phenomena, if no inward fact were cognisable by him at all? Perhaps, however, it is only since monotheism came in, that psychology has become impossible and absurd; for, while denying it to modern metaphysicians, Comte is full of admiration of its use among the ancient augurs. He claims for polytheism the honor of instituting the first careful observation of nature; laments that we have to put up with our poor meteorological registers in place of the far superior weather-tables of the Etruscan soothsayers: and affirms that, with a view to the interpretation of dreams, the intellectual and moral phenomena were made the subject of the most delicate observations, pursued day by day with a perseverance not to be again expected till the positive philosophy has reached its final development (*Phil. Pos.* vol. v. p. 135). It is to be presumed that, as dreams are altogether inward facts, this marvellous store of scientific observation accumulated in their service, and throwing light on the intellectual and moral life, could be no other than *psychological capital*. How is it that it may be invested in Divination; but must be inaccessible to Science, at least until Positivism finds a profitable use for it?

old metaphysical notion of *force*, and present more accurately than hitherto the true point of view." And he shows the same jealousy of any properly *dynamical* notions when complaining afterwards of Bichat's speculation respecting "*vital forces*," and proposing to return to the true path by substituting the word "*properties*" for "*forces*!" His definition of the word "*Law*," as an "*invariable relation of succession or resemblance among phenomena*," together with his severe restriction of the human mind to the investigation of "*Laws*," demands of us an entire disuse of all belief or even idea of Causality.

Now if he had been content with saying that causes lie beyond the field of observation, and that scientific induction, even in its highest generalisations, can never carry us further than the order of coexistence and sequence among phenomena, he would have stated only an important truth,—the one great truth on whose clear apprehension depends the whole difference between ancient and modern investigation of nature. All knowledge which finds its test and triumph in accurate *prediction*, or, more generally, in the determination of absent facts by means of present data, does require exclusively an attentive study of the relations of events in time and place. Though we were endowed with no other power than the ability to register, compare, and analyse series, without any suspicion of a purpose, or wonder about origination, we should want nothing (except, indeed, an indispensable moral incentive) to complete the conditions of scientific discovery. It stands to reason, indeed, that, in order to *foresee*, we need only to know the *sequences* to which events, beginning from the present, are limited; and that, in order to fill-in the absent half of a cluster of phenomena by suggestion from what is at hand, we have but to learn the groupings in which they uniformly occur. And the rule, thus rational in its principle, is confirmed by the actual history of natural knowledge. No scrutiny, it is true, ever succeeds in laying hold of a *new force*, and fixing it in its distinction before our view: all that can be done is to detect some unsuspected *effects*, which are but a fresh disposition or succession of phenomena; and behind that veil no astuteness can carry us. We are apt to be deceived on this point by the habitual employment, in scientific treatises, of *names* for reputed forces of different kinds,—chemical, electric, mag-

netic, vital, &c. We naturally suppose that the votary of each department of research has something to tell us of the force prevailing there, and of the characters which distinguish it from its dynamic neighbors. On closer inspection, however, we shall find that of the force itself, apart from what it *does*, he has nothing special to say: he defines it by the *appearances* it puts forth; he separates it from *other forces* by stating the *dissimilar effects* which they severally exhibit; nor has he any other means of referring to the ranks of *divinées* than by marshalling the perceptible phenomena under their appropriate heads. The name "*magnetism*" stands for the viewless cause of all those movements in certain metals (iron, cobalt, nickel) which occur in the vicinity of particular ferruginous ores, or of iron brought into similar conditions: the movements may be induced under considerable variety of prior conditions, through which it would be impossible for us to trace any identity of originating power; and the assumption of unity rests entirely on the termination of all these conditions in one result, viz. the polar disposition or deflection of the needle. It is the specialty of the phenomenon that is honored with the *hypothesis* of a special force. *Heat*, again, is the name of an equally unknown cause of certain phenomena,—such as a given animal sensation, and the expansion of bodies, and their change from solid to liquid and liquid into gaseous,—which are entered under this category for no other reason than that they cling together, and though not alike in themselves or appreciable through the same sense, arise under the same physical conditions. The concurrence of these effects having tied them into a group, the rise of any one of them becomes a sign of the possibility of the rest, or of the presence of the supposed cause: but of that cause, *per se*, as apart from its effects,—of its unity, except in their concurrence; of its difference from magnetism, except in the unlikeness and separation of the effects,—we have assuredly no cognisance. Thus much, then, must be freely granted to Comte,—that all investigation into *natural forces* is delusive, unless understood to be mere *phenomenological research*, prosecuted under the disguise of dynamical language; and that its only real result must be to ascertain the analogies and the order of perceptible facts. If this be true, we must materially alter our ordinary conceptions of the operations of nature. We must



no longer attribute any reality or efficient existence to gravitation, electricity, cohesion, &c.; but, treating them as mere fictions of thought subservient to classification, must resolve the universe, *under the eye of science*, into a legion of phenomena, irregular to begin with, but susceptible of being regimented and disciplined by due attention to their likeness and affinities. If our language is to be regulated exclusively by the resources of the natural sciences, and nothing to be admitted into it but what they can undertake to guarantee, nothing short of a clean sweep of every dynamical form of phrase can satisfy the obligations of truth. And yet this is manifestly impossible; and has been found so by Comte himself.

How are we to reduce this apparent inconsistency? Inductive science gives us no access to causes behind phenomena; yet we cannot expound it without speaking of them, and assuming them. Is fiction, then, the indispensable vehicle of truth? And must a false postulate underlie the whole fabric of our knowledge? So would it assuredly be, if every idea were to be discarded as invalid for which inductive science declines to be responsible. But when we have confessed that, by the way of perception, and in the study of laws, causation cannot be reached, it by no means follows that the idea is to be expelled the service of the human mind. The question arises, whether, as it evades us at the *end* of science, it may not, perhaps, be found at the *beginning*: the spectacle-case may well be empty, if the glasses are already on the nose, helping us all the while to see the very emptiness itself. If the idea of causality be a metaphysical datum, it is no wonder that we miss it as a physical quæsitum; nor is it difficult to understand why it presents no variety to our mind, however various be the phenomena behind which it is planted, or the corresponding changes of name it may assume. By an irresistible law of thought, *all phenomena present themselves to us as the expression of power*, and refer us to a casual ground whence they issue. This dynamic source we neither see, nor hear, nor feel; it is given in *thought*—supplied by the spontaneous activity of the mind itself as the correlative prefix to the phenomenon observed. By the general acknowledgment of philosophers, this idea is so strictly “a necessary idea” as to be entirely irremovable from the conception of any

change; to cut the tie between them, and think of phenomena as *not effects*, is impossible, in fact, even to the very writers who propose it in theory.

What value, then, are we to put upon this belief? Either we must take it as a natural revelation, or reject it as a natural lie; in the case of an original datum of thought contradictory to no other, a third course is impossible. If we are to rely on the veracity of our constitution as thinking beings, we must accept the subjective postulate as giving a valid rule for objective nature. If we are to suppose our *intellectual* constitution mendacious, and deem causation a mental fiction, no reason will remain for trusting our perceptive constitution any more; and our observation of facts and quest of laws will perish by the contagion of uncertainty. It is impossible, except by arbitrary caprice, to save the one part of our cognitive nature while sacrificing the other, and vain to pretend that the depositions of the first are in any sense opposed to those of the other. That the “power” given to us in *thought* is apprehensible by no *perception*, avails as little to disprove its reality as the *inaudibility* of light to convict the eye of false reports. Yet this is the only argument by which Comte justifies his contempt for causes. We freely surrender to him all search by scientific methods after a *plurality of forces* distinguishable in themselves: but he confounds this illusory aim with the recognition, on the authority of a law of thought, of *universal causation*, inserted by the mind, without any change of type, behind all sets of phenomena in turn. Start up what may to arrest our attention, one and the same homogeneous idea of *power* occurs to us; and whether it receives the name of chemical, or physical, or vital, the dynamical background of the conception remains unvaried, and the momentary representation alone is exposed to change. The trustworthiness of this belief has the same guarantee as the self-evident predicates of space and time: it is the indispensable condition of our thinking of phenomena at all; they are just as absolutely unrepresentable to the mind apart from causality, as motion without duration and extension. Indeed, it is remarkable how these two great data, Space and Time, rescue us from the scepticism of the materialist school. They stand as eternal barriers to forbid our final exit from the natural fall of reason; or as



a bridge that spans the gulf between metaphysical and physical apprehension, and has a bearing upon each; so that, destroy which you will the whole roadway of human knowledge falls, and neither of the interdependent realms remains accessible or habitable at all. Will you take your stand on the entities of Reason alone? Then, as Comte truly says, your knowledge will never advance a step; you will find no law, and win no prevision. Will you try the other side, and say that Perception of phenomena is the only source of knowledge? Then you must throw away from your belief both space and time, which, as eternal, are not phenomena, and as infinite, you cannot have perceived; and with them must perish all that they contain, so that your solid realism goes off into absolute Nihilism. Will you attempt a compromise, and let natural faith have its way unquestioned respecting these two necessary receptacles of phenomena? Then the postulates of thought, by no means stopping there, are not only good for these, but good for more; and causality slips in by the plea that makes room for Law.

*Final causation*, not less than efficient, our author imagines to be contradicted and disproved by "positive" knowledge; and he is fond of turning aside from his exposition to mark the points where science appears to exclude the notion of providential design. Thus astronomical discovery, in his opinion, completely overthrows the doctrine of divine purpose in the arrangements of the solar system: 1. Because design, whenever alleged, is conceived of as relative to *man*, whose nature gives the only measure we have of good and evil; and though he might plausibly be supposed the object of divine care so long as his station was assumed to be central, the idea must vanish with the disclosure of the earth's dependent and planetary position. 2. Because it is demonstrated that the order and stability of the solar system, and the fitness of its several bodies for the residence of living beings, are necessary consequences of purely mechanical laws. 3. Because in many respects the system might be greatly improved, and by no means deserves the admiration wasted on it.\* This last argument we may

leave to those who feel themselves able to pronounce on the relative merits of possible universes, as compared with one another and with the actual. The belief in design is by no means pledged to the doctrine of optimism. The readiness with which every theist admits the existence of evil, the frequency with which he speaks of imperfections in life and nature, and his habitual reference to a future and ideal world, show that his faith can coexist, without prejudice, with the conception of more "advantageous conditions" of being than he witnesses where he is. For ourselves, we confess Comte's censorship over the universe affects us very much in the same way as many religious writers' patronage of it. *They* undertake to show how much better, *he* how much worse, it is than it might have been. If this sort of argument is open to the one, it cannot be closed against the other; and we may leave them to settle it between them as best they may. Whether the stomach is made on the best principles; whether the sea is not a little too salt; whether the isthmus of Panama is not to be regretted; whether the ice may not be rather overdone about the poles; whether, if M. Lesseps had been consulted, the shortcomings of the Red Sea might not have been avoided; whether the two sides of the moon are fairly treated; whether Jupiter is all right without a ring, or Venus would be improved by diminution of light and levity,—are matters for those who know every thing and a good deal more. Such questions are as a flood let loose, and spreading without use and without bound, covering the landmarks of all fruit-bearing truth and turning thought into a desolating waste. Mend the world as you will, there must always remain ideal standards, measured by which it will be liable to criticism as before. The body of man, for instance, is variously frail, and can scarcely stand, without fracture, a ten-feet fall; but give him cast-iron ribs, and a railway accident will contrive to crush him; and the more you harden him, the greater the forces into which he will venture. In short, the critique of nature in detail is quite beyond us; and whether we find

\* "With persons unused to the study of the celestial bodies, though very likely well informed on other parts of natural philosophy, astronomy has still the repute of being a science eminently religious; as if the famous words, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' had lost nothing of their

truth." In a note Comte adds, "Nowadays, to minds familiarised betimes with the true astronomical philosophy, the heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, Kepler, Newton, and all those who have contributed to the ascertainment of their laws." *Philosophie Positive*, vol. ii. p. 36.

there little providences or monstrous blemishes, we are alike in danger of seeing only the reflection of our own egotism. Praising or censuring the arrangements of the world, we equally set up certain ideal ends of our own imagining, which we assume that it was, or ought to serve; by the test of these we try nature, and, according as her structure realises or falls short of them, we pronounce it perfect or imperfect. Comte and the divines are therefore both within the same school of teleological criticism; both speak of a good or a bad way of realising a presupposed conception; both are equally far from confining themselves to the study of *actual* phenomena and effects, uncomparated with others that *might have been*. Forming as we do part of the scheme of nature, limited as our power of conception is to the resources of the universe that bounds the horizon of our minds, we cannot pretend to be judges of the skill or clumsiness of the world's laws; and the moment we pass beyond the simple admiring perception of order and relation, and begin to imagine how much better or worse matters would have stood under other conditions, we entangle ourselves in a thicket of ever-growing problems, from which extrication is impossible. The faith in divine purpose will persevere through all; but the critique of that purpose in special instances is variable and insecure, and was properly excluded by Bacon from the business of science.

Thus the particular thought from which the creation of the world has been supposed to spring, viz. to be the moral centre of the universe, and the scene of a drama fixing the gaze of all higher beings, does really, as Comte's first argument remarks, lose its hold of probability by the Copernican discovery. The plurality of worlds, be they inhabited or uninhabited, is fatally at variance with the scheme of moral symmetry that makes man the hero of all time and nature. But to discredit this particular idea is one thing; to disprove the presence of design altogether is another. The tendency of the Copernican discovery, is quite in the opposite direction, to give enlargement, instead of curtailment and extinction, to the significance and purpose of the world. The old theory of the divines proving too small to suit the magnificence of the facts; its chief object, man, finding himself in presence of a scene so unexpectedly august,—*which* is the more natural inference,

that therefore this scene must have a *greater* cause than we had conceived, or that it can have *none at all*? And so perhaps it will ever be. In one instance after another *ad infinitum*, it will be found that the idea we had planted at the heart of a thing is too small, and is transcended by the scale of the reality. To make this the excuse for substituting a smaller or a blank, is perversely to justify a logical retrogression by a scientific advance, and to say that, the more glorious the creation, the less thought must it contain. No less a paradox than this is Comte's reasoning that, because a particular idea of the divine intention gives way, Final Causation in general is exploded.

The only considerable argument in the passage on which we are remarking is the second,—that the physical forces and arrangements being known, to which the order and stability of the solar system is due, the phenomena are exhaustively explained without any intervention of purpose at all. Now what is the nature, and wherein lies the plausibility, of this reasoning? It is simply a playing-off of *physical* causation against *moral*, or, as it is called, *final* causation; the forces of matter are adequate to produce all the movements and all the equilibrium, and so no force of mind is wanted. But have we not just learned from Comte that we know nothing of any *forces of matter*, nothing of any *production* of one phenomenon from any other, or from causation at all? that our investigations and discoveries are absolutely debarred from passing beyond the grouping and succession of phenomena? Then what does he mean by here finding in physical causes a substitute and equivalent for the volitional action which he excludes? They cannot shut out and supersede that action, unless they are competent to do the same thing; if they claim to stand in its place, they must undertake to discharge the required office instead of it. Either, therefore, gravitation must be equal to the task hitherto given to the Divine Will, *i. e.* must be a real efficient force, and not a mere generalised phenomenon; or else it cannot make good its rival pretensions, or enter at all upon the field which is at present occupied by final causes simply on the merit of this qualification. In other words, our author may take his choice of two positions: he may limit the possible achievements of our minds to the ascertainment of laws, and say

that causal problems are inaccessible ; or, admitting casual problems, he may pronounce one solution true and another false, declaring *e. g.* in favor of physical forces as against spiritual agency. But he cannot do *both*, and slip about from the one to the other at will ; he cannot fight a particular causal hypothesis with a mere law of phenomena which is not causal, and say in the same breath that we can know nothing of this matter, and also that we know the matter to be not so-and-so, but otherwise than that. Cause against cause, law against law ; but no cross-fire is possible ; and, slam the heavy gate of gravitation as you may in the face of Living Agency, still if its bars are only ranges of coexistence and succession, and its *chevaux-de-frise* only bristling clusters of phenomena, causation will slip through and round and over, and feel no obstruction to be there.

As to the choice which Comte practically makes between the two positions just described, there can be no doubt. He assuredly thinks of nature, not simply as the theatre of phenomena, but as the residence of *forces*. In what ~~case~~ can he affirm that periodicity of planetary perturbation, and the consequent equilibrium of the solar system and its orbital movements, are *necessary consequences of gravitation*, if he does not conceive of gravitation as a cause ? From the two great conditions of every Newtonian solution, viz. projectile impulse and centripetal tendency, eject the idea of *force*, and what remains ? The entire conception is simply made up of this, and has no sort of faintest existence without it. It is useless to give it notice to quit, and pretend that it is gone, when you have put a new name upon the door. We must not call it "attraction," lest there should seem to be a *power* within : we are to speak of it as "gravitation," because that is only "weight," which is nothing but a "fact ;" as if it were not a fact that held a power, a true dynamic affair, which no imagination can chop up into incoherent successions. Nor is the evasion more successful when we try the phrase "*tendency of bodies to mutual approach*." The approach itself may be called a phenomenon ; but the "tendency" is no phenomenon, and cannot be attributed by us to the bodies without regarding them as the residence of force. And what are we to say to the *projectile impulse* in the case of the planets ? Is that also a phenomenon ? Who

witnessed and reported it ? Is it not evident that this whole scheme of physical astronomy is a resolution of observed facts into dynamic equivalents, and that the hypothesis posits for its calculations, not phenomena, but proper forces ? Its logic is this : *if* an impulse of certain intensity were given, and *if* such and such a mutual attraction were constantly present, then the sort of motions which we observe in the bodies of our system *would follow*. So, however, they also would *if* willed by an Omnipotent Intelligence. Both doctrines are so far hypothetical ; both hypotheses are dynamic ; both are an adequate provision for the facts ; so that on this ground neither can exclude the other. There is, however, this difference : we know that the doctrine of composition of forces is an artificial device, by which, in innumerable cases, we treat *as if plural* a spring of motion which, like our own volition to a given muscular action, is *really simple* ; the *quasi-plurality* being a contrivance for bringing the phenomenon under dominion to the calculus, and finding its equivalent. If it be maintained that the phenomenon is *really composite*, antagonist muscles and numerous levers being set in motion, we reply, that the complexity is at all events in the *mode of execution*, not in the principle of origination, which, being our own conscious volition, we know has none of those parts, but goes straight at the resultant. It appears, therefore, that the composite doctrine betrays its fictitious character where the volitional origination is an indisputable fact ; and that, even allowing it in such case to represent reality, it is a mere executive reality, wielded as an instrumental medium by the immediate power of Will behind. In the same manner, the hypothetical composition of the Newtonian forces does nothing to exclude the primary causation of a Divine Mind.

In this connection it is curious to notice, in so acute a mind as our author's, the logical inconsequence produced by incompatible antipathies. He commits the inconsistency,—which would be extraordinary were it not ordinary with his class,—of excluding all Will from the universe because there is nothing but Necessity, yet insisting on Necessity as an attribute of all Will. It is evident that whichever of these two positions is established destroys the other ; yet it is scarcely possible for the atheist to avoid

holding both. "Look at this whole frame of things," he says, "how can it proceed from a mind,—a supernatural will? Is it not all subject to regular laws, and do we not actually obtain *prevision* of its phenomena? If it were the product of mind, its order would be variable and free." Of mind, therefore, it is a mark, that its phenomena are unsusceptible of prevision; of volition it is characteristic to be free; and the absence of these attributes negatives the presence of voluntary agency. Here, then the atheistic argument itself not only concedes liberty to will as possible, but reasons from it as the one essential. Yet no sooner do these writers begin to treat of the only will which we directly know, viz. our own, than they contend for the contradictory of all this; affirming that the will has no freedom whatever; that it follows determinate and ascertainable laws; that its products are not variable or irreducible to rules of prevision; and that if we cannot yet foresee them, the fault is not in the indeterminateness of the facts, but in the imperfect conquests of our knowledge. From this it would seem that necessity and determinateness of sequence, being not less predicable of will than of other orders of facts, may as well be a sign of it as of any thing else, and cannot at all be taken to disprove it. Either, then, the will is free, or else theism is unharmed; and the attack on either of these propositions saves the other. The fact is, the atheistic reasoning is an involuntary testimony to the inextinguishable faith in the freedom of the will,—a testimony the more impressive because unconsciously given by a hostile witness. When the problem practically comes before him, how to get rid of *supernatural volition* from the universe, he can find but one mode, viz. to get rid of every trace of *freedom*, and en throne every where *natural necessity*. In this he follows a perfectly correct logical instinct; he tries the issue upon the antithesis of two notions that are truly contradictory. But if they are mutually exclusive in the universe, so are they in man; and it is the secret consciousness of this that suggests and sustains the whole argument. When, after this radical acknowledgement, Comte condescends to the assertion that any man who fancies him-

self free, may deceive himself by standing on his head for a few minutes, and trying what becomes of his clearest thoughts and strongest resolves, we cannot fail to see how much deeper is his involuntary wisdom than his superficial polemic. As well might you urge it as a disproof of free-will, that you cannot put the moon in your pocket, or contrive to live five hundred years, or write an epic in your sleep. Be the limitations of our power prescribed by nature, or self-imposed, or a mixture of the two, no one ever denied or questioned them; no one ever contended for a freedom in a man unfettered by organic conditions. To do so would be to pronounce him omnipotent and absolute. In truth, free causality is so far from requiring the absence of all limiting conditions, that it cannot be conceived\* of except as in their presence. Its activity is in its very essence *preferential*,—the adoption of *this* to the exclusion of *that*; and to empty out all data, to cancel the finite terms, is to destroy the problem and preclude the power. All mental action is intrinsically *relative*, and when predicted as *absolute* becomes entirely inconceivable. It is therefore mere trifling to argue against free-will by pointing out the dependence of moral phenomena on organic conditions. These conditions are the very data of the whole problem; they may exist in every variety of number and intensity; by increasing which the range left open to determination may be continually narrowed, till, in the extreme case, it wholly disappears, the *quæsitum* is among the data, and the problem is self-resolved. The real question is, whether this extreme case is universal.

But we must release our readers from an unconscionable detention. We should, however, have been unfaithful interpreters of our author, if we had not made them feel a little of the tedium he inflicts. Our interest in him being chiefly from the moral side, we have addressed ourselves exclusively to the dogmatic groundwork of his system, and especially to the assumptions by which he discredits psychological science, appends ethics to biology, and dismisses religion into limbo. It is in this, his *Prima Philosophia*, that we find it necessary to contest every step. When, advancing from this abstract ground,

he begins to construct his hierarchy of the sciences, we acknowledge for the first time the true style of a master-hand. Two things only provoke remark in this part of his work: (1) The principle of arrangement by which he gives order to the sciences, advancing from the more universal properties to the more special, is by no means original; and in the hands of Dr. Arnott had already, in 1827, been employed to raise in outline precisely the symmetrical pyramid of knowledge which Comte contemplates with so much pride. Our author's additional rule, that with this logical order the historical growth of the sciences agrees, will not, in our opinion, bear examination. (2) This linear arrangement of the sciences, all around the same axis, appears to us absolutely untrue, both to their inner logic and their outward history. We deny that the knowledge of human nature and life waits for an antecedent biology, chemistry, physics, and astronomy, or uses their conclusions, when obtained as its pre-suppositions. We maintain the essential independence of its evidence and method, and the possibility, nay even necessity, of its beginning at the same moment, and advancing *pari passu*, with our apprehension of the outer world. We assert that the sciences dispose themselves round two great axes of thought, parallel and not unrelated, yet distinct;—the natural sciences held together by the one, the moral by the other. In practice our author himself proceeds as if it were so; and in his review of political and social doctrine, leaves his physiology and chemistry entirely behind. His notices of both groups of sciences, taken separately abound with original criticisms and striking generalisations; but it is especially in the sphere of physical knowledge that his habits of thought render him an instructive and suggestive guide.

As for his celebrated threefold law, we will only point to the distorting effect it has had on his great historical survey. In obedience to its cruel exactions, the natural

organism of European civilisation has been torn to pieces. As the third, or positive stage, had accomplished its advent in the author's own person, it was necessary to end the metaphysical period just before; and so the whole life of the Reformed Christianity, in embryo and in manifest existence, is stripped of its garb of *faith*, and turned out to view as a naked metaphysical phenomenon. But metaphysics, again, have to be ushered in by theology; and of the three stages of theology Monotheism is the last,—necessarily following on Polytheism, as that, again, on Fetichism. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to let the mediæval Catholic Christianity stand as the world's first monotheism, and to treat it as the legitimate offspring and necessary development of the Greek and Roman polytheism. This accordingly Comte actually does. Protestantism he illegitimizes and outlaws from religion altogether; and the genuine Christianity he fathers upon the faith of Homer and the Scipios! Once or twice, indeed, it seems to cross him that there was such a people as the Hebrews, and that they were not the polytheists they ought to have been. He sees the fact, but pushes it out of his way with the remark, that the Jewish monotheism was "premature!" The Jews were always a disobliging people: what business had they to be up so early in the morning, disturbing the house ever so long before M. Comte's bell rang to prayers?

It is unfortunate that Comte, like many men at once capable and vain, rests his chief pretensions on precisely what is weakest, least original, and most misleading, in his modes of thought: whilst he drops unconsciously, and leaves unmarked, his strongest and most fertile reflections. The consequence necessarily is, that his first reputation, conferred by disciples in answer to his own demand, will have to shift its ground; that a prior polemic must prepare the way for ultimate appreciation; and that before he can be wisely heard, the louder half of him must be forgot.



## ALONE WITH GOD.

[The Home Journal says: "The enclosed devout utterance, entitled 'Alone with God,' by Mary Clenmer Ames, is the sweet heart-breath of a young woman, formerly of this city, now in the far West; the devoted wife of a Christian minister."]

ALONE with God! day's craven cares  
Have crowded onward unawares;  
The soul is left to breathe her prayers.

Alone with God! I bare my breast,  
Come in, come in, O holy guest,  
Give rest—thy rest, of rest the best!

Alone with God! how calm a calm  
Steals o'er me, sweet as music's balm,  
When seraphs sing a seraph's psalm.

Alone with God! no human eye  
Is here, with eager look to pry  
Into the meaning of each sigh.

Alone with God! no jealous glare  
Now stings me with its torturing stare;  
No human malice says—beware!

Alone with God! from earth's rude crowd,  
With jostling steps, and laughter loud,  
My better soul I need not shroud.

Alone with God! He only knows  
If sorrow's ocean overflows  
The silent spring from whence it rose.

Alone with God! He mercy lends;  
Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends,  
Life's dwarfing pain he comprehends.

Alone with God! He feeleth well  
The soul's pent life that will o'erwell;  
The life-long want no words may tell!

Alone with God! still nearer bend;  
O, tender Father, condescend  
In this my need, to be my friend.

Alone with God! with suppliant mien,  
Upon thy pitying breast I lean,  
Nor less because thou art unseen.

Alone with God! safe in thine arms  
O shield me from life's wild alarms,  
O save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God! my Father, bless  
With thy celestial promises,  
The soul that needs thy tenderness.

Alone with God! O, sweet to me  
This covert to whose shade I lee,  
To breathe repose in thee—in thee!

## SNOW-DRIFT.

WINTER's white banner waves on every bough,  
The summer flowers and fruits died long ago,  
Their grace is gone, their graves are covered  
now

With tablets of pure snow.

And hopes and joys, sweet blossoms of the  
heart,

And griefs that only human hearts can know,

In space as brief have lived, but to depart  
And hide 'neath mem'ry's snow.

I would not sing of these; my cheerful verse  
Can find a happier emblem, as I go  
'Mid brier and bramble, nature's primal curse,  
All beautified with snow.

Methinks, there springs no "root of bitterness,"  
No stinging care, no thorny shape of wo,  
But love may clothe it in a fairer dress,  
As these are clothed with snow.

—Chambers's Journal.

J. J.

## TO A WEARIED WORKER.

"Rest?"—Thou must not seek for rest  
Until thy task be done;  
Thou must not lay thy burthen down  
Till setting of the sun.

Thou must not weary of the life,  
Nor scorn thy lowly lot,  
Nor cease to work, because such work  
Thy neighbor prizeth not.

Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,  
Nor hush each generous tone,  
Nor veil the bright love in thine eye;  
Thou must not live alone.

When others strive, thou too must help,  
And answer when they call;  
The power to love God gave to thee,  
Thou must employ for all.

"Freedom and Rest" thou wouldst have;  
Freedom is service meet;  
And rest of soul is but a name  
For toil amid life's heat.

Unmoved to gaze upon the strife,  
Is not true liberty;  
To others thou must minister,  
Wouldst thou be truly free.

In the outward world 'tis vain to seek  
The Eden thou wouldst win:  
That ancient paradise is gone—  
Thine Eden is within.

## A BABY'S SONG.

Low murmur'd words I hear, Mother,  
When I am fast asleep,  
Which mingle in my dreams, Mother,  
And almost make me weep.

Soft kisses too I feel, Mother,  
Warm on my lips and eyes,  
And a gentle breath upon my cheek,  
That on thy bosom lies.

The little angels round me,  
My soul with them would keep,  
But my heart is link'd with thine, Mother,  
And I waken from my sleep.

I wake, and bending o'er me,  
Thine eyes look into mine;  
The whispering voice, the loving kiss,  
Sweet mother they are thine.

—The Strawberry Girl.

From The Saturday Review.  
WALTON'S LIVES.\*

No five human beings were ever under greater posthumous obligations to a biographer than were Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson to Izaak Walton. For although Plutarch has certainly rendered Cato and Cæsar and other Greek and Roman worthies his debtors, yet their names, as of the foremost men of the world in their time, are inscribed in other records than his, or immortalized by their own pens. But of the five whom "Father Izaak" has chronicled, two alone—Hooker and George Herbert—can, on any pretext, be affirmed to have perpetuated themselves. Donne, indeed, has a name to live as among the first of English satirists, and in his own day one of the most profound and subtle of theologians. But he has little more than a name. *Nævius in manibus non est*. His verses are seldom cited, his sermons are nearly forgotten, and, were they shorter and less abstruse, might be preached again without much chance of detection, even in Westminster Abbey. Again, Wotton lives in two or three witticisms; while Sanderson is buried in a tome of sermons which would, if any modern divine were to reproduce them, act like poppy or mandragora on the tenants of his pews. And yet these five men, thanks to their biographer, are better known to readers in general than most of their contemporaries. Their memories are embalmed in some of the sweetest and most picturesque of English prose; and thousands who have never looked at a page of their writings are familiar with their public or their household lives.

Dryden observes of Plutarch, that he who chronicled so many heroes is almost without a record of himself. Nearly the same might be said of Izaak Walton. In his *Complete Angler*, indeed, and now and then in his *Lives*, we have glimpses of their author; but his more particular sayings and doings, such as lend an undying charm to his biographies of other men, have to be gleaned, in his case, from a variety of obscure by-ways, and when so collected, are brief and unsatisfying. Mr. Dowling has accordingly done good service

by his prefatory memoir, which renders yet more pleasant the delightful sketches it precedes. To that memoir we shall confine our attention. The writings of Izaak Walton need no herald.

Of the *Complete Angler* it cannot be said *noscitur a sociis*. To no man, indeed, does Sancho's proverb less appertain, "Show me thy company, and I will tell thee who thou art." For Walton was, as all the world knows, a linendraper in Fleet-street, and his companions were among the wittiest, the most learned, and eminent men of the age. Nor did he by any means gaze upon these luminaries from a distance, as P. P. gazed upon "Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet;" but, on the contrary, he entertained them at his table, and sometimes—for in the days of the Long Parliament they were often in trouble, hid them in his inner chamber. Neither did Walton's lien upon his friends consist in wit, learning, or politics. As regards politics, by the laws of Solon he would have been put to death; for though he was a decided Royalist and Churchman, he never took any prominent part in the arguments of the time. Nor was he eloquent, witty, or erudite. And yet, as Mr. Dowling says, "how wide was the circle of Walton's friends! Sir Henry Wotton, the scholar and statesman; Charles Cotton, the witty man of the world; Fuller, the historian; Hales, then styled the 'ever memorable,' though now almost forgotten; the benevolent and learned Dr. Hammond; Donne, the first English satirist; Chillingworth, the acute logician, and *Propugnator invictissimus* of the English Church; the Bishops Morley, King, Ward, Sanderson, Morton, and Ken; and the Archbishops Usher and Sheldon—such were the intimate associates of Izaak Walton."

The riddle as regards Walton's younger contemporaries may be thus explained. Born in the reign of Elizabeth, and dying at the age of 91, his arc of life extended over one of the most troubled periods of English history. He had passed middle life, "when sceptre and crown were tumbled down," and when troopers stabled their horses in cathedrals, and a Huntingdon brewer sat in the seat of anointed kings. All ranks of the vanquished party, "the Malignants," to which Walton adhered, were forced into a closer

\* *Walton's Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson.* To which is added a Memoir of Mr. Izaak Walton. By William Dowling, Esq., of the Inner Temple. With illustrative Notes, Engravings, &c. London: Washbourne and Co. 1857.

communion with one another. A few years before, an archbishop was nearly unapproachable by a commoner, and bishops were addressed cap-in-hand and with bated breath. But in Walton's 45th year his Grace might want a dinner, and their lordships were without a palace, and neither gave nor received many benedictions. But although lawn sleeves were at a discount, the drapery business flourished, and Walton realized the adage of keeping his shop and his shop keeping him. Silenced preachers dined at the table of tradesmen; Fuller derived no income from his tithes; and Jeremy Taylor was preaching with closed doors in an obscure garret in Fenchurch street. At such a crisis Walton was a bountiful Amphitryon, and, like Obadiah, fed prophets in a cave. Doubtless, Walton and his clerical associates took sweet counsel together over the times' abuse, and sent up many a fervent prayer for the restoration of thrones, principalities, and powers. At length "Sacred Majesty" came back again with much clapping of hands, throwing up of hats, expense of gunpowder, and "three times three;" and then it appeared, as regarded Walton, how "sweet were the uses of adversity," for the drapery business flourished better than ever, and the friends with whom he had shared the cup of affliction continued to honor their host and benefactor.

Another solution, however, must be sought for his intimacy with Donne. Fellowship in suffering and mutual assistance in dangers were not, in this instance, the causes of friendship. But as Donne was Vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, and as Walton's house stood near the Church, the two men would be often brought together. It was an age of much ceremonial and wide severance of ranks, and it was not with every draper, even if he were as "bold" as John Gilpin, that the learned and metaphysical Dean of St. Paul's would have associated. But in Walton there existed a quality, which is said to exist in young ladies—a "genius for friendship;" and the poetical and speculative divine probably found in Walton just enough poetry and just enough commonplace to render his company an agreeable relief from clerical duties and severer studies. We cannot illustrate this element in "Father Izaak's" composition better than by citing the words of his latest biographer:

"One pleasing quality Walton certainly

had, which has a charm for men of all ranks, and which is, above all others—a maker of friendships. This was a frank kindliness of heart, a sort of winning behavior, which opened for him a way to the esteem of all generous natures. This quality can some times make even ignorance endurable, but surrounds intelligence with a peculiar attractiveness. This gives a power to the quiet humor of Walton, and imparts an interest to his moralizing, even when most commonplace. This spirit shows itself even when he is giving directions how to bait a hook with a frog. 'Use him as though you loved him,' is the quaint advice. All his friends seem to have felt the power of this conciliating virtue. They address him with the words 'dear brother,' 'good Mr. Walton,' 'my most worthy father,' and these were evidently no mere complimentary phrases."

We have suggested that Walton was in some degree a "commonplace" person, and the phrase is warranted by the admission of his biographer. But it must be kept within the limits of the three important subjects of religion, politics, and ethics. For his religion, Walton was a sound Churchman. Perhaps, had he been born on the other side of the water—an almost ludicrous hypothesis, since who but a true Briton ever understood the craft of rod and line?—he would have been a *quietist*, like Fénelon, whom in some respects he resembled, and have beheld floating in mid-air angelic faces and saintly forms. Being born, however, *intra quatuor maria*, his serene and imaginative temperament naturally claved to the picturesque ceremonial of the Church, and the sweet and sublime eloquence of its service-book, and recoiled proportionably from the bare rites and the harsh doctrines of the Church's foes. We could as soon conceive Pym at mass as Walton in a conventicle, or listening to Hugh Peters in St. Margaret's church. Ritualistic precision may not have been his natural bent; but he must have held in profound abhorrence the disorderly extravagances of the sectaries. As regarded politics, he describes himself as one of "the quiet and thankful party," and such men are the reverse of the lean and hungry Cassius, *never* "dangerous;" and as for his ethics or philosophy, he was content with such practical maxims as sufficed the shepherd in *As You Like It*, and sought no further than for "plain truths, necessary to be known, believed, and acted upon." When we pass, however, from the rational to the imaginative portion

of Walton's intellect—from his plain understanding to his active and indeed rich fancy—the commonplace vanishes, and we have before us a man of almost poetic genius, though wanting the accomplishment of verse.

England is the parent and the cradle of descriptive poetry, so far as poetry deals with natural scenes. Its shepherds are not *bergers*—its fields and woods are not haunted with nymphs and dryads. Walton, from his mere love of angling and rural quietude, is among the best of England's descriptive poets, and thousands who have never impaled a worm on a hook, and could as easily "bring up drowned honor by the locks" as they could "land a trout," have hung over his descriptions of streams and valleys, of copses and meadows, with as much delight as ever a Meltonian derived from a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. At the same time, true to his character of "commonplace," Walton, while profuse on the tame beauty of Hertfordshire, left it to Cotton to depict that wilder scenery of the Dove which was so familiar to both. Mr. Dowling has indulged in some very judicious and agreeable reflections on the causes of the immediate popularity of the *Complete Angler*; but its permanent reputation rests on a more solid basis than either season or circumstance. It was first published in 1653. The Dutch and English were then contending for the dominion of the sea. "The Lord," as Cromwell told honorable members roundly, "had done with the Long Parliament." The Judaical virus of Puritanism was in full ferment; and men were fiercely debating whether England should be governed by a Council formed on the model of the Jewish Sanhedrim, or by a Board whose number should equal the number of the Apostles. Pike and sermon, sword and text, were bandying hard words and harder blows, and, "tantas componere lites," it was high time to appoint Cromwell Protector, with coronation ceremonies:—

"Such was the time [says Mr. Dowling] in which Walton sent out his quiet little book, and this very confusion of public affairs probably contributed to its popularity. The whole government of the country was then in the hands of one party. A royalist had a very small chance indeed of being able to engage in the affairs of the nation. The magistrates' bench, the Court of Quarter Sessions, and all the public departments, were filled with his opponents. The country gentlemen of the King's party had but three resources; idle-

ness, sports, or political plotting. The last was a dangerous game; Cromwell's eyes were quick and his arms long; the first is hateful to most Englishmen; to the sports of the field then they naturally turned. Hunting was almost out of the question, so many families had been ruined, so many estates forfeited, that a less expensive and more exclusive amusement became requisite. Angling fell in with this state of things. A broken fortune could support it, and the angler was able to select his associates. To this class Walton's book was exactly fitted. It was written by one of their own party, and spoke sentiments grateful to their hearts. The popularity of such a book was certain, appealing as it did to the love of amusement and to similar political and religious opinions."

It is characteristic of the times that under the vignette of the first edition was printed the following passage from St. John's Gospel—"Simon Peter said, I go a fishing, and they said, We also will go with thee."

Walton deserves a place among Lucian's *Macrobii*, not only for his length of days, but also for his literary activity after he had lived over half a century. Like Cowper's, his genius did not show itself until he had passed his fiftieth year; but from that period, at considerable intervals, he continued to collect materials, to write and publish for forty years, and the date of his last production—a preface to Chalkhill's pastoral poem entitled *Theolina and Clearchus*—is also the date of the closing year of his long and blameless life. Perhaps the lateness of his literary exertions may have, in some degree, contributed to the excellence and popularity of his writings. They are steeped in the gentleness of mature years from the first; and as they proceed, acquire, without any loss of vigor, the charms of wise and thoughtful senescence. Cephalus, in Plato's *Republic*, accounts it among the blessings of age that it is delivered from the disturbances and the delusions of passion; and Walton, beginning to write at a season when most men have chosen the better or the worse part on their appointed stage, may unconsciously have shared in the feelings of Cephalus, and preferred the downward slope of years, with its vistas of tranquil and rational delights, to the upland track of youth, with its imaginary joys and its almost certain disappointments.

The *nexus* between Walton's friends and his writings is among the interesting features of his life. He was the fellow-parishioner and

friend of *Donne*, and at the request of Sir Henry *Wotton*, and with the applause of *Hales* of Eton, became his biographer. In 1639 *Wotton* died, and in 1651 *Walton* performed the pious duty of prefixing to the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* a memoir of his friend. By the advice of Archbishop *Sheldon*, and while residing with Dr. *Morley*, Bishop of Winchester, he drew up his sketch of the "judicious Hooker;" while a friendship of more than twenty years' duration was in itself a sufficient motive for composing the *Life* of Bishop *Sanderson*. *Herbert's* is the only name of the five on *Walton's* list on which the *lien* cannot be traced; but this *Life* *Walton* tells us he wrote to please himself and benefit posterity. The friend of the quaint and metaphysical *Donne* could indeed scarcely fail to be an admirer of the "Temple," even had there not existed an intimate acquaintance between the Dean of St. Paul's and "the Lady Magdalen Herbert," the poet's mother.

We are glad of the occasion afforded to us by Mr. Dowling's excellent edition of *Walton's Lives* for directing the attention of our

readers, and our more youthful ones especially, to this sample of our elder domestic literature, and to the worthies chronicled in its pages. Without grudging to contemporary productions the applause which they receive, or the interest which they excite, we cannot see them with complacency obscuring by their brilliance, or perhaps their *glare*, the more temperate and wholesome light of the elder classics of our land. The latter, it is true, are reprinted, and we suppose, therefore, that they find fit, if few, readers; but at no moment in the intellectual progress of England has repose ever been more needful, if the literature of the present century be to take its place among its great antecessors. For want of repose our prose is becoming turgid, our verse empty or inflated. A good cooling regimen is required to correct these exorbitances; and nothing would rejoice us more than to be assured, on the credit of sound publisher's statistics, that the number of new books was diminishing, while that of re-editions of old books was on the increase.

*Remains of a very Antient Recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, hitherto unknown in Europe.* Discovered, Edited, and Translated by William Cureton, D.D., F.R.S. London: John Murray, 1858.

It is some years since Dr. Cureton discovered amongst the famous Syriac manuscripts brought over into this country from a monastery in the Nitrian Desert in Egypt, and published a very early copy of the Epistles of Ignatius; and by the able dissertation with which he accompanied the text, succeeded in settling the controversy respecting their genuineness. He has since contributed from the same source other works of great value, but all which surpassed in interest and importance by this his latest production. It consists of a very ancient copy of the Holy Gospels, in Syriac; and the most complete of the four books is fortunately that of St. Matthew. Now there is evidence, derived from writers of the earliest ages of Christianity, that this Evangelist wrote his narrative in the language then in use among the Jews, the Syro-Chaldaic, the language of these fragments; and Dr. Cureton, by a series of most interesting arguments, clearly shows that the copy he has brought to light approaches more nearly the original gospel of St. Matthew, and the very words of his narrative, than any other that has

come down to us. The various topics which grow out of this conclusion are of the highest possible interest in respect to the composition of the several Gospels; and are discussed in a masterly manner, though avowedly with reserve, by Dr. Cureton in the Preface to his publication. —*Examiner*.

DESPATCHES FROM ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB.—No. II.—The American champion seems nowise inclined to disappoint his backers. Mr. Löwenthal has, I fear, all but lost his match. Mr. Morphy has already scored six games to two against him, and is in a fair way to win the seventh, owing to something very like a blunder in his opponent's last move. The truth is, Mr. Löwenthal has not nerve for a match. He has twice refused to draw a game which he subsequently lost, and has more than once contrived to fritter away a winning position in a very simple game. Had he the steady endurance of Harwitz there would be yet time for a rally; as it is, our hopes are small. So confident is his opponent, that immediately on losing his second game he betted even against Löwenthal's winning another! As he had himself four to gain, this was virtually betting fifteen to one. *C'était un peu fort!* —*Press*, 7. Aug.



From The United Service Magazine.  
SCENES OF TROPICAL LIFE.

BY CONSUL HUTCHINSON, F.R.G.S., &c.

"—Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,  
Et quarum pars magna fui."—VIRGIL.

MANY—indeed I consider myself safe in writing—the majority of my friends at home, have little idea of the delectabilities incidental to a residence in the Tropics. Sydney Smith has described, with his usual graphic power, the pleasure of finding centipedes crawling over one's bed, and of seeing flies swimming in the milk-jug, or ants dancing quadrilles over the bread and butter. Of all places in the world, between the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, I believe Western Africa to possess the greatest variety of features, amongst which a philosopher of Mark Tapley's school would feel "credit on being jolly."

I am on board a man-of-war, in the harbor, interior to the mouth of Brass River, and it is the centre of the rainy season. A creek of about a quarter-a-mile in length, and from six to eight yards in width, leads down to the village where the native pilots reside. This is called Twa, and though the course of the water may be defined to be what the "Irish Sportheen" designated—\* "*A Turpentine Sthreamet*," it certainly would require a more intensely poetic imagination than I possess, to identify in it any resemblance to that

"Stream of Bendemere," with its "bower of roses,"

where,

"The nightingales sing in it all the day long"

As the boat goes ahead, the giant stems of the mangrove trees seem like vegetable monsters, grasping handfuls of earth—lizards and amphibious mud fish, with occasionally a small water-fowl of the crocodile species, are observed—a grey king-fisher flits past me here and there—an odd canoe, fastened to a mangrove branch, is passed as we move along, and in this craft, I see a few lazy negroes stretched on their backs, enjoying the *dolce far niente* to an intensity impossible to be realized by an European.

The village of Twa contains about a hundred huts, in the very best of which, no one with a spark of feeling in him would oblige a pig to reside. The fish of the stream, and

\* No doubt a poeticism of expression for Serpentine.

the cocoa nuts of the trees, are the only traces of subsistence for the inhabitants, as against the cultivation of yams and plain-tains, their "ju-ju," which in this case may be interpreted to be their laziness, places are interdicted. The ground floors of their houses—and these are all constructed like Donnybrook tents, having no up-stairs in them—are very little higher than the water of the adjacent creek. In the passages between the dwellings, stagnant pools of muddy slough are every where; and on seeing the soft sex splash and puddle through these, it strikes me as very fortunate for every *paterfamilias* in Twa, that long-tailed crinolines, or even the Bloomer costume, with patent leathers have not yet become the mode in this part of the world. If you go into a house, you would do well to enquire into the possibility of getting out again, as the greater number of them are so low in the roof, that people can talk at each other from opposite sides,—should you require a seat, there is a log of mangrove wood for you, and in case you are thirsty, you must not be particular about the style of earthenware that is presented, in order to quaff some cocoa-nut milk, or palm-wine thereout.

This, however, is but a petty villag, and it is not fair to judge of the manners or morals of a people, by observations on the borders of their nation. Let us proceed to Brass Town, the capital of the Nimbe country.

So we are off next morning in the boat, not much cheered by perusing the following description of it, written nearly thirty years ago:—"Of all the wretched, filthy, and contemptible places in this world of ours," observed Richard Lander,\* "none can present to the eye of a stranger, so miserable an appearance, or can offer such disgusting and loathsome sights, as this abominable Brass Town. Dogs, goats, and other animals, were running about the dirty streets, half starved, whose hungry looks could only be exceeded by the famishing appearance of the men, women and children, which bespoke the penury and wretchedness to which they were reduced, while the skins of many were covered with odious boils, and their huts were falling to the ground, from neglect and decay."

But who knows that civilization, progress-

\* Travels into the Interior of Africa, p. 690. London: Saunders, Newgate Street, 1836.

ing in the usual *festina lente* style of accomplishment, involving every thing in this country, may not have changed the picture by this time? I am not much cheered into this belief by my voyage; for I find the passage as it has been described—a wearisome continuation of creek water, for upwards of thirty miles—one of the most remarkable illustrations of sinuosity in the delta of the Niger—not a square inch of *terra firma* along the whole route—mud, mangrove, sky and water—no beds of primroses, buttercups, or daffy-downillies,—no hotel, or place of rest on the way,—not even a “Mangrove Arms.” Of water, there is a super-abundance, above and around us; for as our boat is rowed along, the rain comes down in drops as large as gooseberries—tropical rain always does, my dears; and though the atmosphere is murky, and very much resembles a London November fog, our pilot knows every corner and turning, as well as if it were bright sunshine. No sign of life is observed the whole journey up, save occasionally a solitary female, paddling a canoe, loaded to the brim with firewood—thus clearly proving, that the social condition written of by Doctor Livingstone, as existing in Eastern Africa, and having reference to a “newly married man being bound over for life to carry home firewood for his mother-in-law” has not reached the Brass country.

Here we are at the capital, and find it like many important cities at home, divided into two segments by water running between. One side is Obullemabry, of which Keya is the head magnate, the other is Bassambry, over which Orishima “rules the roost.” Either side might be taken as the original of Lander’s portrait. The *debris* of a small shell, styled in the native language Semee, seems to constitute the earth on which the residences are erected.\* The only thing to change the monotony of the hundreds of habitations is the ruin of an old slave-baracoon, fabricated of tin plates, but which is now falling into decay. A visit to the ju-ju house, whither the Delphic oracle of a high priest would like no doubt to see us coming with a *dash*,\* is not to be accomplished without an elephant or a canoe, to bear us across the intervening pools, and as neither happens to be come-at-able, we wander about very slobberingly in the dirty passages—seeing

nothing but masses of mud, diversified by quantities of shells of the mangrove oysters and of the aforesaid periwinkle tenements—heaps of firewood, odd puncheons, to hold palm oil in, snarling long-tailed and long-eared curs, naked boys and girls, sloughy gutters around and everywhere. King Keya meets us in the street and offers an invitation to his country house to spend the night there, as evening is approaching and our Kurboys are not made of iron to pull back the thirty miles. So having had *satis superque* of African scenery for one day, we accept his hospitality, and forthwith proceed to the royal suburban residence.

If I were not alive now, and conscious of writing this in the cabin of H.M.S. S—, I could not believe that I ever should have been fortunate enough to enjoy such an uninterrupted continuation of delights as those experienced during that night’s stay in the royal abode at Brass.

My bed-room was about twelve feet by four, with holes in the bamboo roof (about eight feet high), that let the rain and rats come in, and holes in the floor, probably to allow both to make their exit. There was neither stool, chair, table, or any article of furniture except the bed. This was made of two empty gun-chests, covered with a native country mat, and having no pillow, save a log of wood. The creek by which we voyaged up was within five yards of the door, and when the tide was low, bull-frogs, crocodiles, and mud-fish could gambol about in their native parterre, where a human being trying to walk would be swallowed up in a remorseless swamp. The odor from this place at this time was indescribable, and all I shall write of it is, that it brought to my olfactory nerves no sensation like that of the south wind “breathing o’er a bed of violets, stealing and giving odor.”

As soon as I sat down on the bed (?) with a cigar in my mouth—for to sleep with all these delightful accessories, would be a vain attempt—and had blown out my palm oil lamp, down came the mosquitoes in showers, down followed some rats after them, without waiting for an invitation. A few of the latter fell near where I was sitting, and I made a furious tilt at them with a stick I had placed near me. This of course quieted them, and made them beat a retreat for some time. But as if in mockery of my chivalry inside

\* A present or donation.

the doors, outside the bull-frogs commenced croaking in dozens, and communicating as agreeable a sensation by their music as the rasping of a file over a rusty saw.

I laid down and tried to sleep, but it was no use. In a few minutes the rats were gambling on the roof; I was fearful that every minute I might be conscious of some slimy contact with my hand or face, which should at once be realized into a mud-fish (or jump-fish as they are styled by Krumen), a kind of amphibious reptile that appears like a cross-breed between a newt and a chameleon. What a stupid I was to have blown out my light!

Female voices outside! who in the name of goodness are they? passing and repassing by the thin partition wall of my chamber, to and fro between the creek and the King's harem—ever gabbling, gabbling, gabbling! This amusement going on for hours in companionship with the rats, mosquitoes, and bull-frogs, put a thousand strange notions into my head. Can they be going to the creek side to sacrifice—perhaps infants? Are they proceeding to lave in that sweet stream? Down they go, and back they come—never tiring, never relenting, never showing compassion, till morning dawned, when I opened the door cautiously and looked out.

Some standing in the mud, others lifting fish and nets out of a canoe. These were the King's fishwomen, and their professional pursuits during the night had kept me in this condition of ecstasy. Talk of Billingsgate indeed! I looked at them, and there they were—wet, muddy, and slimy, like so many ebony mermaids, but still prattling and talking, and clattering their tongues, as if these organs were so many untirable steam-engines.

There was no use in giving them a bit of my mind, my dears, for I did not understand their language, and they did not understand mine, so all that I shall write of them is, that I did not go down on my knees in the mud to pray for them. I was unheroic enough to imagine that a wiser thing than that—as far as my comfort was concerned—would be to quit the Nimbe country as soon as I could. So my boys were in the boat—I gave his sable majesty a shake of the hand, more fervent than friendly, and turned my back on his territory, with feelings very different, you may believe me, from those which Adam and

Eve may be supposed to have entertained, when walking outside the gates of Paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

REMINISCENCE OF "THREE GLORIOUS" NIGHTS  
ENJOYED BETWEEN BIMBIA AND KAMEROONS.

On board H.M.S. S— again, and away to a wreck on the shore between the rivers Bimbia and Kamerouns—anchor being dropped outside Bimbia harbor, I started from the steamer, accompanied by three boats, two officers, a number of the crew, and several Krumen. A pull to the scene of disaster was about twelve to fourteen miles from the place we had quitted the man-of-war. The vessel to which we were proceeding was stranded in the midst of the breakers close by the beach, and as it was the time of spring tides, with a very high wind blowing, it was deemed advisable by our officers in charge of the helm to let the boat's anchor drop when about a quarter of a mile seaward of the wreck, in order to wait till what he styled "a half gale" then sniffing about us should take a notion of subsiding. The swell of sea was so furious near the wreck, and the rollers made such a line of beauty in their curl, that our pilot, the aforesaid officer, expressed his dread of the boats being swamped if we attempted to land.

In ten minutes time, a peculiar kind of drowsiness came over me—after that, nausea of stomach—succeeding this the insensibility and apathy which are so characteristic of that ridiculous malady called sea sickness. Whether you have ever been sea sick or not, my dears, there is no use in my attempting to describe to you what I at first believed to have been my four weeks' suffering in that state: my fellow passengers tried to persuade me I was only three hours there, but I can hardly believe it. If you want to know what passed through my mind during that time, you had better consult Mr. Hume or some other of the American spiritualists, for I have no knowledge of it.

I found myself on the beach as damp as a salmon or shark in their native element at about five o'clock in the evening, having had sufficient salt spray over me in getting ashore to rouse me from my dulness. I was too happy to stand up and walk, so I commenced thinking—of what Byron meant when he wrote "of loving the ocean and his joy of youthful sports upon its breast to be"—of

Haynes Bayley's rhodomontade about the "blue, the fresh, the ever, ever free—" and with this of a malignant desire to see both of these poets in company with the sea god, Neptune, riding over the billows before me "sated on a low-backed car." Perhaps it was a punishment for the demoniacal spirit, the recollection flashed on my mind—that although our three boats were hauled up high and dry on the beach, getting them launched again through such a surf as that was a perfect impossibility—therefore wreck or man-of-war was unapproachable; we had only one meal's provision with us, save a bag of bread for the sailors—we were all conscious of being endowed with stomachs—we had not a change of clothes—there was no hope for a bed, save in the boats, or in the thicket of tall guinea grass around, where the company of snakes, centipes, mosquitoes, with other horrid and torrid reptiles, was not likely to be of the most attractive kind.

As night approached our bivouac was prepared by the sailors and Krumen rigging the sails upon the oars, so as to form a covering over the after-parts of the boats. This being accomplished, the tars—true to the light-heartedness of British sailors over the world—commenced playing nine pins with a quantity of cocoa nuts that were strewed over the beach. A fire was kindled, and I stowed myself away in the stern of my own boat, but to sleep with hundreds of mosquitoes serenading around, with pleasure, no doubt, at having the opportunity of performing a promiscuous phlebotomy on my face, was a thing that Morpheus would not sanction. The operations of these blood-suckers were diversified during the night with showers of rain, which only drove them in greater numbers beneath the awning.

Morning dawned and shewed us the breakers more angry. The wind was likewise blowing more furiously. One of my Krumen advanced and shaking his head ominously, mumbled "Wathery bé sarcey (sauoy) too much yet, for any them, boat to lib (live) in dat say (sea)."

Breakfast was soon got over, as it consisted only of ship's biscuit, and water from a leech pool hard by—a foundation for healthy condiments that would need all M. Soyer's artistic skill to realize into an eatable dish even with the accompaniment of a few score leeches.

The tide being at its lowest ebb, we advanced in a body to the wreck, up to our

middles in the water; for the ship was so near the beach we could talk to those on board. The gangway ladder had been taken from the ship's side, and suspended from the bow, so we clambered up and ejected some native as well as British pirates who were in the vessel.

Taking possession of the vessel and making arrangements for setting about saving the cargo occupied so much time, that when I looked over the ship, the tide had reached in so far that it was impossible to regain the shore, and so I turned into the cabin.

Here there was a desolation out of my power to describe. All the meat, wine, and brandy had been abstracted by the natives; the cabin had been dismantled of its furniture of chairs and tables. There was plenty of biscuit on board but not a drop of water, and this latter was only procurable when the efflux of tide would permit a Kruman to go on shore and fetch it. However, here we are for the night, as going back to the boats would seem to be only an "out of the frying-pan into the fire" kind of change. One of our boys did get water out of the leech pool before night by going on shore for it with a calabash-bottle tied on the top of his head, and we had a cup of tea with bread before lying down to rest.

To rest indeed! our places of lying down were the alternative of wet sails or hard boards. From the time of coming on board till leaving there never ceased a continuous thundering against the ship's stern, caused by the waves rising and breaking with a furious thud, as if of a battering ram, shaking every plank and nail as well as sympathetically making to quiver every mother's son of us enclosed within the sphere of said nails and planks. The rats driven from their abiding places below by the ship's bottom being stove in, were trying "for safety and for succor" about the cabin deck; now and then a volume of spray dashed over the sky-light, and part of it came drivelling down upon us in the cabin without compunction—bang—bum—boo went the wavy battering ram—and with these congregated attractions, the united odor from the bilge water, and the palm oil escaped from the casks was indescribable.

There was no use in calling the steward, as he had no wine, nor beer, nor brandy. There might be some water left in that calabash, but there might also be some leeches in it; and

the possibility of one of these blood-augers getting into a man's stomach, and giving one the sensation of an auger going through the diaphragm!—Oh laugh!—Is morning never to come?

It did come, but with it no signs of improvement from yesterday. Goodness gracious!—when is the wind to subside?—when are the waves to become quiescent? or if neither take place, how long can the ship endure this billowy-battering? Something must be done to take me out of this; for my two days and two nights past are enough of amusement for one fit of recreation. If the wreck should break up!—

But that thought is too horrible to dwell upon.—Here, steward! place a Kruboy to report to me when the tide is out sufficiently to let me try and scramble ashore—get me a cup of tea with some bread, and I shall be off.

"Off" where to? you may ask. Clambering down the ladder, I got on shore on the shoulders of six Krumen, took off my boots and stockings, tucked up my trowsers, told two of my Kruboyes to accompany me, instructed them to bring a union-jack with them, also some bread in a bag and some water in a bottle; but not to mind including any leeches with the latter.

Away we trudged, to take a walk of sixteen miles along the sand, nearly as far towards Bimbia as the western outlet of Mordecia Creek, in order to have a chance of signalling H.M.S. S— a request to send us some assistance. I knew that her place of anchor was about eight miles away from the nearest point of land we could arrive at. But if the sky at the time of our arrival were clear, some of her lookouts might observe our flag. When I reached the place I could barely distinguish the outlines of a ship; but the wind was blowing, the surf was beating, and the rain falling. With these was the haziness of atmosphere that invariably accompanies them; and I could not give myself credit for having the gumption of a human donkey when I saw that I had my sixteen miles to trudge back again, or the alternative of trying to roost, cherub-like, for the night, in the top of one of the adjacent palm-trees.

You may guess, if you can, with what an amiable temper I returned backward, and after half an hour's attempt by flag-waving to attract attention. There was no virtue in my returning because an old proverb says there

is "no virtue in necessity." As I went along I tried to persuade myself into the belief, that the exercise would do me good, and so I began to sing till I was startled by the appearance of the dead bodies of two black men on the beach, whom neither I nor my boys had noticed on our way up. This may have occurred from our walking on the first journey in the surf, as the tide was just beginning to come in, and our being obliged to keep close to the bush on the return as it was nearly up to high water. These dead bodies were two poor fellows who had been drowned by the upsetting on the day before of a canoe, that was sent down to our assistance by King William of Bimbia.

Thirty miles of a walk even along a smooth sand form no bad anodyne for a sound sleep. Having despatched a messenger to the wreck for some tea, I partook of a basin of it with bread, and as it was near dark when I arrived at my hotel, I huddled myself up in the boat's stern, first causing a fire to be lighted at each side in order to keep off the mosquitoes. I was soon asleep. Sometime in the middle of the night I got into a conglomeration of horrible dreams; fancied that the wreck was in Lagos harbor—that the pounding water was gradually breaking it asunder—and that the prospect of a speedy separation of its component parts, was very much alleviated by seeing a few hundred sharks swimming about, with jaws open and eyes gloating in the anticipation of their feast,\* I thought the grand smash came at last, and that I was in the water when—Suddenly I woke and found myself not swimming for my life—amongst sharks, but floating in a pool that had collected at the end of my boat; her bow was a little raised—which resulted from the rain falling down perhaps for hours and having no outlet. It had an inlet sufficiently large, for the whole of the boat was uncovered, save the part wherein I was sleeping.

Here was a pickle! The *acmè* of my three glorious nights' pleasure. Pitch-dark—the fires of course extinguished by rain, which was still falling—no change of clothes, and therefore, of course, no refuge from this condition of desolation. A spark of light in the Kruboy's hut caught my eye. I was out of the

\* Any one who has been at Lagos must know that scores of sharks may be seen, many with their back fins out of the water, prowling about every ship.



boat in a twinkling—indeed, I believe, I shivered and shook myself out of it—called up a few of the boys to make the fire larger, took off my clothes, rolled myself in a boat's awning, and waited till my garments were dry. No quinine wine to be had—no tea or coffee—*no nothing* save biscuit and leech-pool-water, or leech-pool-water and biscuit by way of variety.

Flesh and blood could stand this no longer, so as morning dawned I asked one of my Kruboy to look at the sea, when his reply of "wathery sarcy still all same" made me feel nearly amiable enough to knock him down. Another Kruboy, whom I soon became almost weak enough to respect, gave it as his opinion that the wind did not blow so "throng," and that he thought the "sarcy water go down when tide done go out for next time."

His prediction was verified. The large cutter belonging to the steamer was launched at once, and got off in safety with one of the officers on board. In about two hours after my gig was shoved off; and when I found myself again safe afloat I began concocting, what kind of certificate I should give to my weatherwise Kruboy in order to obtain for him meteorological promotion—perhaps at the Greenwich Observatory. Being rowed in a boat for several hours at sea, especially in the state of mind and body and the inevitable humor any man would be in after four days and three nights rustication like this, is not

all-predisposing to placidity of temper. Nevertheless, though not in sight of the steamer for many hours after we had started, and often visited with heavy showers, the sky landward being thick and gloomy, I was congratulating myself on having a refreshing bath with a comfortable change of clothes on board the man-of-war, when—oh! horror of horrors, as you may think—the sky cleared to let me see the steamer about ten miles off—anchor up—steam up—and her paddle-wheels propelling her in quite a different direction from that in which I was coming!

Nevertheless I did not faint, my dears, and I aroused my energies, without having any dread of becoming a second edition of Ancient Mariner. For I knew at once that she was not going away and leaving me behind, but the Commander having determined to come nearer to the wreck for future operations, as I had suggested through the officer when leaving that morning. To accomplish this voyage he was obliged to bring the steamer by a detour out of the shallow water in which my boat could float.

So up with my flagstaff and flag at the stern—putting the helm hard a starboard, turned out to sea, and urged my Kruboy to pull cheerily although they had been tugging at the oars for five hours.

Another half hour's pull—the steamer is coming towards us—the look-out espies my flag! the engines are stopped and—

Here I am!

**CHURCH-BELLS.**—There is something beautiful in the church-bells—beautiful and hopeful; they talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride and envy and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates." "Come away, come!" cries the church-bell, "and learn to be humble—learning that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay. Come, Dives, come and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven as the sores of uncomplaining-Lazarus!

And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come," cries the bell, with the voice of an angel, "come and learn what is laid up for ye!—and learning, take heart, and walk among the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."—*Jerrold.*

**LAUGHTER.**—O glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care. What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of laughs,—a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus.—*Jerrold.*

From The National Magazine.

## MR. TWENTYMAN'S FIRST LOVE.

## I.

SEATED in the mess-room of the 1st Voltigeurs, with chairs drawn in close to the fire—

But before going one step further, it would be only fair to say a word concerning the *status quo ante*, as the men of diplomacy have it, and lay out roughly a plan of the country, by way of helping the reader to some knowledge of where he is. My name, as may have been gathered already, is Twentyman, of the Dorsetshire Twentymans, or rather Twentymen (came over with the Normans of course); and on the hills of that county my father fed his flocks. The amount of stock such denomination will cover was, I fear, but scanty, considering that my father cured souls (spiritually) for ninety pounds a-year. Considering, too, that he was a quiet bookridden man, who (and without disrespect be it spoken), it was currently supposed, just knew a sheep from a cow, and was not safe beyond such elementary knowledge. But though thus ill provided with worldly goods, he was still rich in those other gifts which nature lavishes so generously on ill-paid curates. My mother, excellent woman, did her duty by him nobly, and purveyed hostages to the state with unflinching regularity; and each recurring year bringing round longed-for pay-day, brought also with it one of those dear pledges that so help to sweeten our thorny path through life. Could the taxes and other fiscal burdens have been discharged in kind, just as the noble Roman matron in a season of great distress offered her offspring to the commonwealth, my father could have benefited his country and himself to an unprecedented degree. Which shower of blessings he took with wonderful cheerfulness, until one morning, he was observed, as it were, to awake from a dream, being roused by the faint cries of the new-born Thirteenth. It was the last ounce breaking the camel's back; and it then occurred to him with a strange force, that here were so many little mouths to be fed, so many little backs to be clothed, so many little feet to be shod, all which little configurations were susceptible of a steady extension. It was, alack, far otherwise with that ninety pounds a-year, on which the Reverend Mr. Twentyman was passing rich; and it was pretty plain that unless something were done, the Union or the Court for the relief of Insolvent Debtors were the bournes towards which my father was journeying.

Under these circumstances he put his shoulder to the wheel at once, and at the very first heave relieved himself of one hungry

mouth. No sooner had Lieutenant-General Sir George Mortars, K. C. B. (it was my mother that had brought the Mortars to the family),—no sooner had that ancient officer heard of the peculiar position of things, than he offered to place one mouth at least in a certain military academy, where it would be filled at the State's charges, a few years' apprenticeship entitling the mouth to serve his Majesty without incurring the cost of a commission. Mine was the mouth selected. The apprenticeship was duly served; and at the proper time I was presented with the commission, and appointed to the 1st or King's own Voltigeurs. Two more of my brethren were taken into the free-schools, on foundations, to be trained for the church; one ran away, and was never heard of afterwards, except under disreputable circumstances; two more a merciful providence was pleased to remove when still in the cradle; and the balance remaining was now reduced to more manageable proportions.

The King's Own Voltigeurs were at that time quartered in a town which may be conveniently called Allchester, and I had been in that city some seven or eight months. Seated, then, at that mess-room fire in the Royal Barracks, arrayed in the species of jacket known as shell, each about halfway through his cigar, were two individuals. Individual to the right, with his feet upon the chair, being Captain Buswell,—Joe Buswell that is,—of the 1st Voltigeurs. Very hairy was Captain Buswell, having great black furze-bushes growing wild over his face. Individual to the left had but a faint suspicion, as the French say, of such a growth, having a sickly saffron produce upon his lip—plainly a forced hot-house plant. But it came to singular strength and fertility hereafter; and this statement is only due to the party himself, who is no other than the historian of these simple experiences. This was their *signalement*, as the passports have it.

Said Buswell to me, after talking continuously for the last two hours, "Now I have emptied my wallet for you; told you every thing I have seen, done, or heard while away. What have you to tell me now? How have the Allchestrians been getting on?"

"O, the old round," I answer. "The balls, the drums, and the routs, as before; and the dowagers as before. You know it is pretty much the same thing here all the year round."

"But how have you been doing?" said my friend. "Got to know people, eh? been dined and routed and made much of generally?"

"O, pretty well; not at all, that is, I mean," I said, stooping over the cigar-box, and selecting a cigar with unusual care and nicety.

"How is it with the heart?" said Buswell,

who was then studying the fire; "with you youngsters it is a bundle of tinder."

I was so long choosing that cigar, finding it so hard to suit myself on this occasion, that he turned round, and was watching me.

"Look me in the face," said he, with a terrible voice. "Poor moth, I see how it is! They have been taking advantage of his youth and inexperience. And who has done this? the Marjorams? Warbecks? Calvins? Runters? Speak out; don't have that hang-dog look."

I was tolerably brazen now, as he had not hit on the right name. "Stuff!" I said, "I know nothing of such people. Old Cranker keeps us too close to think of such things;" and I puffed vigorously at the cigar I had selected with so much pains.

But Captain Buswell shook his head. "Won't do, won't do, my good fellow."

Here entered tumultuously a crowd of our fellows, under cover of which I stole away to my room, to put on my cap and large military cloak.

"Do come," they had said, "just any evening you have nothing better to do, or get tired of the mess. No inducement beyond our own family circle." This had been said to me over and over again by the Daffodils. It was their name that Buswell had *not* mentioned; and, curious enough, it was in relation to the Daffodils that I had gone to put on the cap and military cloak. Some way, I always felt that I had a home at the Daffodils', and that I was getting away from the din of arms to a sort of peaceful bower in the drawing-room of that house in Eblana Square. But the shell-jacket! It should stay on me; it would have more the look of being roused from the camp and tented field; and she—Louisa—had often said it looked so short and picturesque. As I journeyed on toward Eblana Square, it occurred to me how much more rational, nay, intellectual, was this way of spending an evening, exchanging the coarse joys of the mess-table for the calm quiet of woman's society and unrestrained conversation. It was with something of pride too that I thought how I, a simple ensign, had made for myself a species of home, where I was valued for *myself* alone, and where my observations on men and things in general were listened to with respect and admiration. I was surprised myself at times by the force that lay in some of my remarks; a sort of nervous breadth, as Mr. Daffodil said happily, which the swine who sat about me at mess would have been as incapable of appreciating as—no matter. They had no souls, those fellows. "I have it in me," I cried out loud in the cab, thinking of the words of the late Mr. Sheridan,—"I have it in me, and by (something very profane) it shall come out."

At this juncture the vehicle was brought up suddenly by the pavement, and I was jolted painfully out of my reflections. We were at the door of the house in Eblana Square.

It is right to state, that I was kept for a considerable period at the door; it is right also to state, that lights might have been observed flashing to and fro in the upper windows of the premises, and that something like the shadow of a human figure might have been observed upon the window-blind, as though the human figure were striving to peep furtively round the edge of the blind: but when I was admitted, and shown upstairs into the drawing-room, I saw at once that I had completely taken them by surprise, and that they had not so much as heard the knock. Mrs. Daffodil was hard at work at the Berlin wools; Louisa—sweet girl—was still at that florid petticoat-edge, which, by the time it came to be finished, must have honeycombed her dear fingers sadly; the middle-aged lady, of austere presence,—relation on the mother's side, and having money to leave,—was there as usual, and doing nothing as usual; the three little sisters, with their little silk bows, were drawn up on the sofa with an orderliness surprising in children of their years; and a youth, over whose head scarce eighteen summers had passed, was reading to his mother and sisters in low and melodious accents. It was a pretty scene, and breathed home in every lineament. As I entered in the shell-jacket, there was a start of surprise, and I may say, of pleasure. I could see it was jubilee for them all. Mrs. Daffodil came to meet me beaming. It was so good of me to come in this way; no inducement—their dull family circle. But Louisa, I saw her eyes wandering to the shell-jacket, and I was rewarded. The middle-aged lady handed a cold claw, which I shook in respectful silence, and then subsided gently into a chair, placed for me by the youth. How "koind" it was of me to come in this sort of way! Mrs. Daffodil again remarked; leaving, too, such inducements behind me.

"Quite the contrary," I answered with extraordinary earnestness. "I assure you I esteem it a very high privilege to be allowed to join a family circle like this; I do indeed!" and I looked round to the right to Louisa. Poor child, she was "fastening off" at the moment, and I could see her fingers trembling among the threads. She was thinking of the shell-jacket. "You will be glad to hear," I said, disposing one leg over the other, "that my friend Buswell has returned." Why on earth they should be glad occurs to me just now, as not one of them knew the man. But I was always talking of Buswell; and so they were very glad indeed. For was he not *MY* friend? "He has been

in Ireland," I continued, seeing that the subject interested, "on a visit to his mother's relations."

"To his mother's relations," said Mrs. Daffodil; "how curious!" and the various members of the family looked at one another.

"Yes," I went on, "Buswell goes into the gay world, loves amusement to distraction, rages after balls and parties: I can't understand it. Give me a quiet fireside and the holy influences of home, and my cottage near Rochelle," alluding to a favorite song of Louisa's. I was rewarded with a glance; the eyelids were lifted gently and fell again upon the petticoat-edge. The youth of eighteen looked triumphantly at Mrs. Daffodil, who looked again at the austere lady who had money to leave.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Daffodil, "it is most creditable for a young person in the army—who might go any where, any where—to have such nice sensible tastes. I assure you, Major Twentyman,—I must tell you this (poor woman, she was all heart and forgot for the moment that I was but a simple ensign),—I assure you, it is only what we all think; and Aunt Manx, who has seen a good deal of the world, thinks so too. Don't you, aunt?" Here she smiled with encouragement on that relative.

From that awful lady, thus appealed to, came tones of the reverberatory character consequent on speaking from the depths of a large metal boiler or capacious vat.

"A sensible young man, my dears," she said, stiffening herself; "none more sensible. But it will stand to him; just like poor Willy Manx; I may have told you of, my dears. The captain will understand, my dears, that he was none of my rearing, being the late Mr. Manx's own son by his first wife; and so—"

I suppose I must have been looking wearily at this commencement; for Mrs. Daffodil was bending forward, even at peril of that testamentary disposition, to stay the impending yarn; when suddenly to us entered Mr. Daffodil, with both hands out, and that hearty paternal manner which I remarked he always had for me and people of my age.

"Don't stir, don't stir," he said, laying his hands on my shoulders, and keeping me down. "Go on with what you were talking of, and never mind me. I am very glad to see you in this way, Twentyman,—very glad."

Some way, when Mr. Daffodil addressed me, I never could get rid of the idea that he was breaking to me the news of a near relative's demise. So, having now, as it were, done his sad errand, he drew his chair in softly, and looked abstractedly at the ceiling.

"Papa," said Louisa gently, "was not this

the night that Mr. Twentyman promised to sing? He said he would bring his music the next time he came,—indeed he did."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Daffodil, coming down from the ceiling; "I have a distinct perception of such a promise being made,—quite so. We all know," he added, looking round and breaking melancholy tidings to the circle in general, "what a surprising memory Louisa has."

"I heard the young man say it—with my ears," came from the metal boiler, as though some one had struck its sides suddenly with a hammer.

"Ah, Aunt Manx heard you!" said the whole family in a burst, looking on that lady with great pride and affection. The good woman, I could see, was pleased with herself as having put in her stroke with effect.

"You see my aunt recollects it too," said Mr. Daffodil, rubbing his hands softly; "so where is the song, where is the song?"

I to sing! I had no voice; so I had been told over and over again by my family at home, by our fellows at the barracks, who had once forced me to sing, and silenced me with execrations. When one of my little brethren was on its road into this weary world, I once went nigh to peril two dear lives by chanting indiscreetly on the stairs. Still, such is the weakness of our nature, that a copy of Mr. Russell's well-known ballad about the gentleman who was afloat was actually then lying in my cloak-pocket down stairs.

"I assure you," I said hesitatingly, "I don't sing. I have no organ; I—never learned."

"The more reason for beginning at once. I can see at this moment, from the peculiar conformation of the throat,—a sort of wavy line, as it were,—that you—er—sing well."

"Louisa, dearest," said Mrs. Daffodil, "you shall teach Mr. Twentyman."

The dear girl hung down her head blushing; and I fear that night must have done mischief irretrievable to the embroidered edge.

"Let him sing when he's bid," again broke hoarsely from the boiler, making me start nervously, just as I was bending over to say to Louisa how proud indeed I should be were she to become my schoolmistress. I looked up with displeasure, I suspect; for I saw a cloud over the faces of the family. The good lady had presumed on her former success, and had gone too far; so Mr. Daffodil put her aside mentally with a wave of his hand, and she spoke no more that night.

But the observation concerning the schoolmistress was not to be lost by the stupid interruption of Mrs. Manx. So Mrs. Daffodil spoke to her husband of the weather, and of



what news had come in per evening telegraph, and of the club, and of the Smiths, thus good-naturedly giving me an opportunity for my remark,—to say nothing of other remarks: this was the result:

"Mamma," says Louisa, in that low soft voice of hers, which some way always reminded me of silver bells,—“mamma, Mr. Twentyman says he *thinks* he will sing just one song.”

"Upon my word," said Mr. Daffodil, looking round with gratification, "I suppose I might have asked from this until next week. But no matter—no matter; I won't be offended. What shall it be?"

"I brought," I said, "a new song called 'I'm afloat,' which you may not have heard."

"O dear, yes," said the youth of eighteen, speaking now for the first time; "they have it upon all the organs."

I took no notice of him whatever; but chancing to turn my head, surprised Mr. Daffodil's naturally serene features contorted into a horrible expression of rage and menace. Mrs. Daffodil's face, too, had relaxed into an unnatural smile, as though she had been looking hostilely at the youth. No wonder. I pitied parents having to do with such a cub.

"The song, the song! out, out before the curtain!" said Mr. Daffodil, imitating the theatrical manner when impatient for a favorite.

"But the music?" I said, giving way.

"O, slyboots, slyboots, this is very bad! What do you think, Louisa? When I was coming out of the parlor I saw a little roll of music just sticking out of the pocket of somebody's cloak, and being an inquisitive meddling sort of old fellow, I took it out, and brought it up. O, very sly, very sly!"

Here Mr. Daffodil poked me in a friendly way, and Louisa smiled at me, and Mrs. Daffodil shook her head at me pleasantly, and altogether they seemed to take such pleasure in the joke, that I burst into a fit of laughter myself. Then they fell off into fits of convulsive laughter, until Mr. Daffodil got red in the face, and bade me not be so funny, or I should be the death of him some day. Indeed, he had often said there was a vein of quiet humor in me that came more home to him than the jokes of those professionally witty men you meet at the clubs. Whether this was so, or only his friendly way of putting it, I cannot say; but it certainly did strike me that among the Daffodils I was more myself, could speak with greater freedom, and said more things that visibly told, than anywhere else. As for the rough coarse-minded fellows of the mess, you might as well think of writing in the water as wasting any thing like fine wit upon them,—pearls to swine indeed.

I was brought to the piano after a little resistance, Mr. Daffodil propelling me gently by the two arms. To say the truth, I was a little nervous, having never attempted drawing-room vocalisation before; and when Louisa commenced the *preludio* of the inspiring strain, it was with very feeble and crude tones that I began to proclaim that I was afloat, I was afloat! So far from that being a true statement, I was at that moment altogether aground and stranded, having broken down at about the fourth bar.

Never shall I forget their good-nature to me under this trial. I was doing capitally, Mr. Daffodil said. Why, what did I mean? Did I mean to tell him that I had not learned, and had sung often and often? It was unhandsome, Twentyman, very unhandsome not to have told them this before.

"O, mamma," says Louisa, putting her hands despondingly together, "if we had only had Mr. Twentyman at that little musical party we gave last year, when the Parables came to us!"

"Parables!" said Mrs. Daffodil scornfully; "he has a voice worth six of Mr. Parable's."

"He shall come out at your next party, my dear," said Mr. Daffodil. "He shall go into training at once,—that is, I mean," added he, correcting himself, "I do not see that any training is wanted. He might at this instant go upon the boards—upon boards!"

"Suppose we try it again," said Louisa in her own gentle way; and amid a tempest of applause, I started again. This time I broke out with wonderful courage, leading it off boisterously; but, from some cause or other, broke down a second time at the same place.

"Louisa does not do it right," said Mr. Daffodil in a low mournful voice; "she has not got the time."

"I thought there was something wrong in the accompaniment," said Mrs. Daffodil, getting up and going over to the poor girl.

"Do pay attention, Louisa."

"Let her try it by herself," said Mr. Daffodil, a cloud gathering on his face.

I saw the sweet girl's eyes fill with tears, but she said not a word. I was indignant, and at once took her part. She was right, I said; I was wrong; though in my heart of hearts I believe she was a little bit astray as to the time. Indeed she was right, I said again and again with vehemence.

Louisa looked up at me with such a look of gratitude. Mr. Daffodil saw it, and his little vexation passed away. "Come," he said, "you must take the blame of it between you, then. Louisa ought to be glad she has such a warm advocate. Once more, then!"

This time it was a great success. I felt that within me which carried me over all difficulties. I was on "the fierce roving tide"



now, and with a purpose. I could see them all with difficulty constraining themselves from bursting into a torrent of enthusiasm. I could even hear from afar off inarticulate sounds coming hollowly from the metal boiler. I could see,—in short, when at the close of all, I broke out into a wild cry, like the war-shout of a South-Sea Islander, proclaiming hoarsely that I was afloat, and that I was free, there burst from the assembled multitude such a storm of applause, that I was almost overpowered. Needless to say that that Lullaby was encored,—repeated with even greater fire; re-demanded with terrible instance and *furor*. It was a night to look back to fondly, to think over at dead waking hours; for I saw kindness, hope, trust, love, beaming in every face, looking out at me from every eye. When we were all sitting cosily at a small round table covered with a light supper, which had been brought in noiselessly while the singing was going on, it was agreed that an extensive musical party should be given with all convenient speed, for the purpose of introducing a new singer and a new song. Meanwhile I was to come up, at such hours of the day or night as seemed good to me—not that training was at all necessary, but to insure that steadiness and absence of nervousness which the presence of a crowd is likely to entail. Cards to go out with as little delay as possible; the word to be passed privily and mysteriously of some new and startling feature in the evening's programme. Men's minds being filled with anxious expectation, as under influence of the shadow of coming events, people would stop each other in the public highways, and ask, what was this that was waited for, for that their souls were unquiet.

All which matters were agreed on over that cold roast fowl, beautifully browned; over that golden-tinted jelly, over the fine old wines from Mr. Daffodil's cellar.

"Twentyman, my dear boy," said he, as he wrung my hand at the hall-door, "remember that you have a home here, come weal or come woe. Good-by, good-by, GOOD-BY!"

As I laid me down to rest that night, the well-known burden floated through my brain, "I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the rover is free!" Was I free? Alack, no, no!

## II.

ON waking next morning, when the bugles sounded *réveillé*, as some one says so prettily, the very first thoughts that crowded on my aching brain (troubled then with memorials of things lying heavy on my soul), were concerning the delicious scenes of the past evening; a soft cloud, as it were, opening slowly and disclosing in the centre a bright figure of an

angel—the angel was Louisa,—with half-lengths of other angels hovering behind,—a paternal half-length especially, with wings and arms extended, as in the act of benediction. Why did I find myself dwelling so constantly on this enchanting vision? Simply because in that fairy circle I became as another man; I was clarified and refined, and filled with higher thoughts and brighter images; because there I was loved and valued for myself, and for myself alone; and that while reclining (figuratively that is) all day long at the feet of Louisa, I was insensibly purifying and exalting all within my sphere. It was a holy thought that, and one from which I drew inexpressible comfort. Perhaps it might be my destiny, after all, to go about in this fashion, working a silent and not unprofitable mission; doing thus a little good at a very small expense. With every change of quarters might come other Daffodils, in whose bosoms I might successively find a home. Loved for myself, and loving others in this pure spiritual way, I might thus journey on through the world, and say at the end, after all, I have lived and wrought some little good.

It was about four o'clock of that same day, when, filled with these pleasing images, I stood on the threshold of the house in Eblana Square. "At home, Abrahams?" I say with the easy familiarity of one who knew his ground.

"Miss Loo is at home," says the man, with a strange gesture,—something I believe like the spectrum of a wink. What could the fellow mean? But he knew me, and I knew him. He too had come within the circle of my missionary work. There was the whole. There was nobody in the drawing-room but Mrs. Manx.

I was embarrassed at the prospect of an interview with that excellent woman, and I must say that I discovered extraordinary trouble in her features. It required support, did the metal boiler, and could not stand of itself. It usually leant on one or more members of the family, and then did tolerably. She knew not what to say.

At length came a hollow reverberation; "You come often, very often, very often, often."

I started. "Mr. Daffodil is kind enough to ask me to come up whenever it suits me."

Hollow laughter here in the boiler. "O very good, very good. I know what you have come for" (this pointed most significantly).

I did not like this strange woman, and moved uneasily in my chair. "What do you mean, ma'am?" I said.

"O, I know nothing—see nothing—of course, of course; I understand though. Not

come to see your sweetheart; O no, no, no—o—o—o—;” rest lost in hollow reverberation.

I was aghast, and turned very red, I suspect. This horrible woman's coarse way of putting things! I was looking round for my hat, meditating instant departure, utterly disgusted, when the door opened softly, and a snowy angel entered. In an instant my angry emotions were stilled, and the troubled waters at rest. The angel was Louisa.

Papa and mamma, she said, in those accents I loved so dearly, were gone out a-shopping. They did not think—that is, if they had known I would come—

“Go on; don't mind me, my dears,” came hollowly from the boiler. The horrid woman here twisted her eyes in a strange way. “Just go on as if I was out of the room. I am an old woman, my dears.”

The blood flowed into the cheeks of Louisa at this indelicate speech. I was indignant myself, and darted a look—such a look!—of indignation at the wretched woman. “Don't mind her,” whispered the dear child, “she is one of our little trials.” That was it; she had turned it prettily, as she always did. One of our little trials,—mine and hers. And so I let the cloud pass away.

“Dearest Miss Daffodil,” I said, “suppose we try through that song once more.”

And we both passed into the next room, and whiled away an hour or more in setting the rover free and afloat. Many hints did the dear girl suggest in her own gentle way; how I was to be tender here and ferocious there, and wind up all with that savage burst of triumph, which may be taken to pre-figure the rover waving his flag frantically on his quarter-deck. It was a beautiful reading that, Louisa said—“reading” was her word.

Enter hurriedly Mr. Daffodil. “Mr. Twentyman here all this time! What a providence! Just going on to the club, when suddenly something whispered me to go home; an irresistible impulse led me here. Take a chop with us to-day. Mrs. Daffodil has asked somebody. Who is it, Loo dearest?”

“Mamma said she would ask Mr. Parable and his sister,” said Louisa, hanging down her head.

Mr. Daffodil's brows contracted: my own lip curled. Was this the Mr. Parable spoken of last night? The man who sang? Ha!

“Mamma would do it, pa dearest,” Louisa said.

“A most indiscreet act,” said her father, shaking his head. “Can't be helped now though. You'll come and eat our chop—chops and tomato sauce, like Mr. Pickwick. Ha, ha!”

I was about turning away and refusing, but a look at Louisa's wistful face made me relent.

I should not be deterred from my noble missionary work by trifles; therefore I signified I would partake of the chops and tomato sauce.

Punctually at seven that evening I was again in Mr. Daffodil's drawing-room. There was a young man there before me, whom I knew by a sort of terrible instinct to be Parable, and from that moment I accepted him for my enemy. It was with a sort of savage joy that I suffered Mr. Daffodil to introduce him to me, bowing to him with hate and defiance. He must have read as much in my eyes; and I fancy we understood one another. He might have been taken for a young man of modest demeanor. Very likely he was; but for me he was a rival, a hindrance to my mission, and I resolved he should suffer.

Mr. Daffodil's words,—“Twentyman, my dear fellow, will you take down Mrs. Daffodil,”—were only what I expected, that order of outgoing being clearly what my rank and position entitled me to. Parable took Louisa; but a look told me how she loathed the being to whom fate had linked her. The youth of modest demeanor should pay for all presently. By a graceful, and I must say thoughtful device, a playful allusion of the morning's had been embodied in the bill of fare of the entertainment. When the covers had been taken off, there lay revealed fiction turned into fact; and Mr. Pickwick's chops and tomato sauce were to be seen in the concrete in a side-dish.

“What is that before you, Louisa?” said Mr. Daffodil, scanning the dish with considerable astonishment.

She laughed, and looked at me. I laughed too, and looked at Mrs. Daffodil; who laughed and looked at the man Parable; who did not laugh, but kept staring like a stupid kill-joy as he was.

“Some little mystery,” said Mr. Daffodil. “O, wicked, wicked pair!”

“Chops and tomato sauce,” I said, suffocating with laughter. The dear girl laughed too; we all laughed except the man Parable.

“O, I recollect,” Mr. Daffodil said, laying down his knife and fork the better to give way to his feelings. “Excellent, excellent! very good indeed! But,” added he, composing his features suddenly, “how thoughtful, how very thoughtful! Eh, Parable?”

The person so appealed to answered with an air of ill-concealed indifference. “I am afraid I have not been let into the secret. I am outside the tomato mystery.”

Tomato mystery! Like his impertinence! But before the end I should take down his his high mightiness—that I had made up my mind to, “There are more things, sir,” I said, quoting the well-known adage, “in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in

your philosophy. Can it be that you have not read the life of Mr. Pickwick?"

"O yes," said he, with one of his foolish laughs; "I rather think so: but I fancied that dish was peculiarly associated with an action for breach of promise of marriage."

One of those terrible engines used in a late nefarious attempt might as well have exploded in the centre of the table; consternation was on the countenances of all. Louisa, poor child, was crimson. Mr. Daffodil, being in the act of swallowing, went nigh to expiring of strangulation. Indignant at the author of this wretched speech, I could no longer contain myself. "No one here, sir," I said, trembling with excitement, "is thinking of such matters. It must be a diseased mind indeed that can nourish such thoughts." I flatter myself this was, as the gentlemen of the Ring say, "one, two for his nob." But I went further: "Abrahams," I called to the servant, "get me some of the dish before Miss Daffodil." It was finished; I had driven my instrument home, and the enemy lay gasping at my feet.

Once more in the course of that night it was my destiny to encounter him, and lay him low. It came about in this way: the proposed musical entertainment was under discussion. Said the person they called Parable, "I may reckon on Miss Daffodil's help as usual to accompany me?"

Mrs Daffodil said, "Certainly; of course;" but Mr. Daffodil, on whom I had my eyes fixed, kept shaking his head in a very strange and uncertain manner.

Parable here interposed, with a tone of pique, "Surely as Miss Daffodil has always hitherto been so kind as to help me, I thought—"

Still Mr. Daffodil's head moved mysteriously up and down, rather than to the measure of a pure shake. "You see, my dear friend, Loo is not strong—not strong. To you, my dear Twentyman, she is pledged for one song, and must not go back from her word: but more than that—I really fear that—" A prolonged movement of the head supplied what he meant to say, namely, that Louisa's physical temperament had lately become much enfeebled.

Then I burst in. "Let her," I said with terrible irony; "Let her play, play all the night long; play till she drops with weariness. Let her accompany me and this gentleman, and every body and any body,—choruses, quartets, quintets, octets, tentets! The more the merrier. Ha, ha!"

"I don't understand you, sir," said the person named Parable, trying to be dignified. "I have no intention of being so unreasonable. But it is time for me to be going" (I heartily concurred with him), "so let me wish you good night."

As I turned away suddenly I surprised on Louisa's face an imploring look directed towards the person who was now going away. What was its signification? To deprecate hostility. Hostility to me, the missionary. There it was; and my heart was at rest again. But Mr. Daffodil's brow was troubled, and he was playing tattoo upon his front teeth. "Good night, Parable," he said; "let me see you down-stairs," and they both passed out of the room together.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Daffodil hurriedly: "if you were only to know, Mr. Daffodil is under an obligation to that young man's father. So you see—deathbed conjured him to watch over—Hush! here he is. Not a word, if you please."

I understood it all now. Mr. Daffodil re-entered. "Strange young man, very strange! Perhaps a little forward; but we must have endurance. I suppose you must try and accompany him, my dear Loo. A little trial. Life is but a sacrifice, after all."

It was so settled at the end; settled too was it that the entertainment should be on the Monday of the following week. Then followed rehearsal of my melody to abundant applause; and on the stroke of twelve the little tray came in noiselessly, and so ended another happy evening. The mission was working well.

Between that night and the great Monday I may be said to have been on a beat, as it were, between the barracks and Eblana Square. I was in and out full twenty times in the day; I used to arrive post at unexpected hours of the night, being anxious to discharge myself of a sudden thought that had just struck me. I brought things, I bought things; I gave directions as to the disposition of lights; I stood on chairs, and hung up a mirror with my own hand to try the effect; I overlooked the supper-table, and gave directions to Abrahams and confectioners' people: altogether it was a pleasant time, and I fancy I was of very considerable use. Nay, when two choice evening dresses, for Miss Louisa's wear, were submitted to me—one, I fancy, plain, the other of the sprigged order—I gave my voice with marked enthusiasm for the sprigs. O, 'twas a happy, happy time; for I was young and free! 'says the song.

At ten o'clock on the night of the event, I was in the drawing-room at Eblana Square, the first arrival. That apartment was a blaze of light, disposed, it must be said, with considerable taste. I wandered up and down abstractedly for some moments, with a dim feeling that here was, in a measure, my own proper home—my house, my rooms, my lights, my party. Soft and pleasing reverie, to be rudely disturbed by entrance of Mr. Daffodil, choking in a buckram white tie.

Presently floated in a white angel, borne on snowy clouds, all besprigged, at whose feet I could have sunk down on one knee and worshiped. It was enthralling, overpowering, entrancing: overpowering the effect too when Mrs. Daffodil made entrance, resplendent in shining crimson satin, magnificent sultana woman that she was. I felt that I was of them, they of me: bright kindly faces; father, mother, sister, all here ready to my hand. A sweet ring in that term of "sister!"

A desperate knocking at the hall-door, signal-gun as it were for the attack, and we stood to our arms hurriedly, in this order; that is, Mrs. Daffodil well forward, with arms ordered, supported by sweet Louisa; Mr. Daffodil was altogether in the rear, covering the fire. Already could we hear afar off the hoarse cries, as the menials on the stairs passed the word one to the other, and our hearts beat high.

Without going into much detail, it may be sufficient to state, that the first arrivals were the Allibones,—father, mother, and daughters twain; to whom I had barely time to be presented, when there came a second irruption of the Merrimans, Coxes, Belpers, Brentfords, Appleterrys, pouring in all in a flood. By this time the crimson satin was permanently established in the doorway, and I could see it rising and falling eternally, welcoming every new-comer. The cries on the stairs were growing horribly discordant, as the men warmed to their work. There was one gentleman, whose post was at the drawing-room door, that went to the business with a terrible earnestness and stern intensity of purpose. More than once that hoarse herald did grievous damage to my nerves, coming close to me as I loitered unguardedly at the door, and firing off into my ear "Mrs. Cox!" or some such syllable, like the sharp crack of a rifle. He was an awful being.

They still poured in; obese fathers of families, mothers of families to match, and bounding daughters trooping in behind; long solitary men, seemingly without kith or kin, showed themselves at the door with a dubious uncertain manner, as if not quite clear whether they had any business there. And so it went on until all approaches were utterly choked; and finally an announcement that seemed like "MR. RAB" fell upon my ear, and the person whom they called Parable made his way in.

Now began the music: pianoforte duet,—"*Duet à quatre mains*," said the programme, "by the Misses Blucher." A terrible performance, a battery upon the instrument, sustained and deafening, to which, in justice it must be said, the audience made not a pretence of hearkening; nay, it was accepted gladly as a cover for noisy discourse and laughter irreverent; and when the executants came to a sudden stop, by way of surprise,

there was a din and roar of voices perfectly astonishing, and of which we were ourselves a little ashamed. Mr. Ponder and his sister would next favor the company.

At about twelve p.m. there were sounds of heavy footsteps on the stairs, and loud voices; and there made irruption into the room, in Indian file, my friend Buswell, Toplady, Spavinge, Mangles, and a host of other worthies whom I had invited *en masse*. I don't know if this was not the most pleasing feature of that great evening: I marked Mrs. Daffodil's look of pride as the noble company entered, and the color went and came, chameleon-wise, upon Louisa's cheeks. It was a great stroke that, and judiciously timed; there was sensation in the room, and a hush of expectancy. Meanwhile, as I roved about through the room, now with Mrs. Daffodil, now with Louisa, I could not shut my ears or eyes to the fact that I was the object of sundry whisperings and significant gestures. I could catch at times the words "new tenor, new tenor," floating from corners and dowager districts. I surprised, at odd moments, the eyes of those ladies fixed on me with a tender and encouraging expression.

At length my turn arrived, and Louisa came to tell me all things were now ready. How I bore myself through that trial it would scarce be fitting to state here. It is due to myself to say this much, that an impartial observer might declare that I did no discredit to her who had instructed me. There was a breathless stillness in the room, so that not a note was lost; and I felt within me a fire, an energy, a sense of being carried away out of and in spite of myself, that I now look back to with wonder. I sang to them how I was afloat, I was afloat on the fierce roving tide; how I heeded not the tempest; how my ship was my bride; how, at the end of all, I was afloat, I was afloat, and the rover was free. Horrible was the power with which I delivered that last cry, waving as I did so an imaginary flag over my head, forgetting in the wild enthusiasm of the moment where I was. I was the corsair Conrad, with the white linen tunic and velvet cap and tassel, peculiar to the costume; and there beside me, with eyes brimming over, and sharing in my triumph, was Medora, the Corsair's bride.

It was about this time, when the frantic applause had subsided, that I caught sight of Buswell, Spavinge, and another of my brethren standing at the folding-door, looking towards me with a very strange expression. But I took small heed of them; for I knew the unworthy thoughts that were passing through their souls. As I came by them with Louisa on my arm they were still exchanging their odious glances. So we went forward, threading our way through the



crowd, to Mr. Daffodil, who stretched out both arms as though he would bless us, and said:

"Nobly done, nobly done, both of you! I am glad I have lived to see this night. Take down this poor child, Twentyman, take her down; for she must want rest and refreshment sadly."

As he spoke I felt a film before my eyes, and passed down silently to the supper-room. Both our hearts were too full to speak; and, to say the truth, at that moment I was sadly athirst;—rather, I had been athirst the whole night, and had had recourse to artificial stimulants to keep up my failing heart. And there, in the solitude of that supper-room (for it had not been opened to the general public as yet) we sat, and sat, being, as the late Byron observes in one of his tenderest poems, "all in all to one another."

But as I look back upon the events of that evening, it some way appears to me that from the date of that going down to supper I seem to see all things through a soft veil or cloud. Through that silver veil I behold myself dimly outlined, sitting on until the crowd came down tumultuously,—sitting on as faces flitted by that seemed to look at me pryingly and with curious eyes,—sitting on until Buswell and his unfeeling brethren came in riotously, with the same queer smile on their lips. Through which silver cloud I can see myself again, removed to higher latitudes,—to a return at the top of the stairs, and preferring a request with strange ardor and passion. I can hear a soft voice faltering out a half assent, and filling me with unaccountable transport and rapture.

Later on I can see myself, through the cloud, standing at the foot of the stairs with Buswell having fast hold of my arm, and saying, "What are you doing? The whole room is talking of you. Come away." To whom I say, "My dear fellow, I am *sho* happy!—in an ecstasy—quite in an ecstasy!" To whom Buswell, "Do come away, that's a good fellow; you are making a fool of yourself." "Sir!" I hear myself saying, as I lean against the banisters,—“sir, Captain Buswell, this is un—unshent!—man—ly on your part. Has she not promish'd—promish'd to be mine?"

I can see through the cloud Mr. Daffodil looking at me with glistening eyes, who shakes my hand fervently, calling me his "dear boy." "I am s-sho, *sho* happy!" I tell him again and again.

Finally, Buswell has me by the arm once more, at the foot of the stairs, and he, with somebody else, is persuading me that it is all hours, and that I can come again in the morning. "Sh-o I can, sh-o I can," I tell them; and thereupon the cloud grows dark,

and closes in fast;—and of all the rest I have no distinct perception.

### III.

AT about twelve o'clock next day, on first waking to consciousness, and to a racking headache, I became aware that there was some one in the room, looking out of the window.

"Who is there?" I ask in a faint weak voice.

"It is I, the Avenger," Buswell said, stalking over solemnly. "What have you to say, wretched man, for your doings of last night?"

"Pleasant party, wasn't it?" I said, vainly striving to grasp the events of the preceding night. "Did I do it well?"

"Let me offer my humble congratulations," said Buswell with intense irony, "on the auspicious event."

"What do you mean, Buswell?" I said imploringly, and with a dim comprehension looming on me of what he was alluding to.

"Simply that you have been nicely fooled, O greenest of hands! You are to be united speedily to that sweet girl Miss Daffodil. The whole town has it by this time."

I gave a deep heart-rending groan, and sank back on the pillow. At that moment it all came back on me; the song—the supper—the sitting. O, pretty missionary work! I gasped out feebly something about loving only as a brother—as a brother.

Buswell laughed. "Come, cheer up, poor boy," he said; "I have been thinking it all over already. You must be sent away at once."

"I must be sent away at once?" I murmured from the pillow.

"You must be brought to the colonel, and thrown upon his mercy."

"I must be thrown upon his mercy?" I repeated.

"He will be savage, furious; but will give you leave. You shall be transported to Ireland—to my father's house; and lie there until all has blown over."

"But," said I, with the missionary work still in my mind, "perhaps you mistake, after all. The love of a brother—"

There came a tap at the door, and a note was handed in to me. Too well I knew that bold business hand. It called me "My dear boy," and said that the writer had already called twice, but had failed of seeing me. He was anxious, disturbed in mind, on my behalf. We had much to talk over together, for that sweet child Louisa had told him all—every thing. I should find a knife and fork in the old place—that day, at seven precisely. Some way he had always felt fatherly towards me, but couldn't make it out. At the end he was mine affectionately,



St. John Daffodil. It was over. It was no dream, but hideous reality; so I covered up my head in my dressing-gown, like the Roman of old, and sank down at the foot of the—bed.

We were before the colonel in half an hour from that time. Buswell had kindly broken the matter gently to him first, so that I was spared that portion of my trial. But O, the most cruel part of all was, when I was alone with my own bitter thoughts in the solitude of my chamber, to find I had been so deceived in those in whom I had fondly placed trust; and that all this while they should have been harboring such base and mercenary thoughts.

Being brought before the colonel, whose person had been framed on the lines of the Marshal Pelissier, and whose voice seemed to issue from the depths of a puncheon,—being brought, I say, before that rude soldier, he told me without circumlocution, that I had behaved like a something fool: that I was a disgrace to him and his corps; and that, only for my youth and inexperience, he had a deuced good mind to let me get out of the scrape as I could. However, I might go; and had best be quick about it.

Buswell led me away across the square, with my head hanging down ignominiously, a sad and pitiable spectacle. My heart was broken; and I heard, but heeded not, the scoffs and unfeeling jokes of gentlemen from windows, who were by this time in full possession of my sad history. Coarse allusions to white ribbon, gray frays, blest men, which fell as though upon the ear of one in a dream. All would seem to have deserted me save Buswell. He stood to me true as steel.

In my rooms once more, we laid a safe and secure plan. Some five or six miles from the town of Alchester was a watering-place, from which there was drily communication with Ireland. Most of the Alchestrans had pleasant villas and houses there; and it was altogether an agreeable place of resort in the summer-time. Many and many a pleasant jaunt I had taken down there when my heart was light, and my eye was bright, in company with her who had—no matter. It was settled that about three o'clock p.m. a covered vehicle should be privily introduced into the barrack-square; and to divert suspicion, should be drawn up at a brother-officer's door. I should then journey down quietly to the watering-place, dine with what appetite I might, and go on board when darkness set in. Buswell's father and mother, worthy folks, would only be too glad to have me.

Towards three o'clock, then, all things being ready, the covered vehicle was unostentatiously introduced, and drawn up at Buswell's door. I could have wished to have stolen away unheeded, and observed; and came down after my portmanteau, wrapped in a horseman's cloak,

as if I were going out for a duel. But those idle fellows (for whom surely the State ought to find some service in times of peace) were lounging about; and for them the cab was a subject of extraordinary interest. When I came out I found some half-dozen or so of them gathered round, curiously investigating the horse, the door-handles, and such matters. Their unfeeling laugh when I appeared, I registered an oath never to forgive; their broad jokes, too, seemed to me singularly out of place. The driver was bidden to stop at Gunter's, to call for a certain handbox; and was vociferously assailed for not being provided with a bow of white ribbon. The only notice I took of these remarks was to fold my cloak about me with contempt, and prepare to ascend the vehicle, when suddenly I seemed to see a figure, just turning the corner of the square, and advancing with a pleasant smile. That jocund face struck terror to my soul, and my limbs tottered under me. I was going to meet it, my features composed to a ghastly smile, when I felt the horseman's cloak drawn from my shoulders.

The jocund face had now reached us—jocund, that is, no longer, but contorted with unmistakable anger and mistrust. "I wish to speak with you, Mr. Twentyman, privately, before setting out on your travels."

"Travels!" I gasped out, "O yes—certainly—that is—" I don't know what I was going to add,—but heaven be praised!—there then came a sudden deliverance from the jaws of destruction. There was a bustle behind, a shuffling of footsteps, and little Spavigne,—whom I had hitherto made small account of, and, in fact, rather overridden,—broke through the crowd, arrayed in my horseman's cloak.

"Good-by, Twentyman," he said hurriedly, shaking hands all round. "Good-by, Buswell; by, Mr. Daffodil—kindest remembrances. And see, Twentymaan, don't forget about the gray mare. Good-by."

He drove away. My portmanteau was on the roof; but I had little thought for that, I was so inexpressibly relieved; my heart was lightened, and I could have hugged little Spavigne. This may be the proper time to mention, that availing himself of the opportunity to make several calls, and do a little shopping, he returned in about an hour's time by the back entrance, and was set down at his own door.

Mr. Daffodil's face had grown buoyant again. It was radiant rather, for his heart also had been lightened. "Going away on leave?" Mr. Daffodil said complacently; "going away on leave, gentlemen?"

Chorus of assent from many voices.

"On sick leave," Buswell said mournfully.

Added one of the brethren: "Premature decay of the constitution."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Daffodil, "you don't tell me so. Now, do you? He seemed to me—er—robustious on the whole, eh?"

"Always the way—the fatal delusion. Ours is a most unhealthy corps; isn't it so, doctor?" he added, addressing one of the party in no way connected with the medical interest.

A gloomy man answered, shaking his head mournfully; "Perhaps the most unhealthy in the service; mortality may be taken at—say, one in twenty-five."

"You don't say so?" Mr. Daffodil said, looking at me with visible uneasiness. "And where is our young friend going?"

"To Madeira," Buswell said.

"Say, rather, to a premature grave in a foreign land," the gloomy man added.

Noble fellows! In this way they stood by me gallantly; until Mr. Daffodil, passing his arm inside mine, begged of me to come up to my room for a few minutes' private conversation. Again must my cheek have blanched; but I had sufficient control over my emotions to let no sound escape me. So I simply bowed down my head and suffered myself to be led away as to the scaffold. Up the stone flight we wended mournfully, my arm fast locked in his, with a persuasion that soon all would be over, and my sad history ended; when lo, deliverance comes again, in the shape of Corporal Peebles of my own company, with word that the colonel demanded instant speech of me. Who had improvised that superior officer I was at no loss to divine. I felt Mr. Daffodil's arm tighten on me. "For one moment," said he; "just two words in your room."

Said the corporal stolidly, "The colonel won't wait, sir,—mounting his horse in the back square."

"There," I say, releasing myself with violence, "I must go. Another time, Mr. Daffodil."

"But last night," he said distractedly,—  
"this morning! I must speak to you!"

"Another time," I say, going down.

"Dinner at seven, then!" Mr. Daffodil calls out over the banisters.

I was free again, and could breathe freely.

Dinner at seven! Poor unsuspecting mortal! Where should I be at that hour?

I was kept close, in strict privacy in Buswell's rooms for the rest of that day. At six o'clock that evening two figures, one wrapped closely in a horseman's cloak, might have been observed to steal forth from the back entrance under cover of the darkness. They might have been observed, after wandering on a street or so, to draw near to an adjoining cab-stand, and to enter one of those vehicles with great privacy and mystery. By lonely and unfrequented ways, the two strangers

were conveyed silently to the railway-station, where a black portmanteau (it was his of the horseman's cloak) was ready waiting, having gone on before. Here one of the strangers took a long farewell of the other, commending him to the special care of Providence; and I sank back in a retired corner filled with deep despondency, wrapped in my own feelings, and in the horseman's cloak.

It was a cold wet night, not too dismal, however, for the stranger in the remote first-class compartment. He was solitary: he was undisturbed. No one sought to intrude on his solitude; and so we sped on through the night, to the music of the engine's shriek, until after some twenty minutes' journeying the train came rolling into the watering-place. Confusion of passengers groping through the darkness for their baggage, I seeking the black portmanteau. Hopeless search in that wilderness of trunks: when lo, I descry it afar off, standing in a corner, and I descry too, with a sudden sickening at heart, a dark figure bending over to read the large white initials,—*"H. T."* standing for Horatio Twentyman,—inscribed upon its cover. It was all over, useless struggling further with destiny; so I would go to him, and give myself up at once, and say, "Here, Daffodil, take me, take me away; do with me as you will; lead me to the slaughter—to the altar, only be speedy and put me out of pain."

A sudden thought occurred to me; all was not yet lost; I might yet be saved. I would turn and fly; perish the portmanteau; perish all worldly goods. But I should have to pass him. Drawing my hat firmly over my brows, and gathering my cloak about me—with my teeth set firmly, and murmuring a prayer to heaven for deliverance,—I rushed desperately past; but a cry behind told me that he had seen me. Still I sped on without turning, straight down towards the pier, where I could see the dark outline of the packet, and the white steam escaping turbulently, bells ringing noisily, captain's shouts reaching me; she was just casting off, that was plain. A voice from behind, as it were of one panting, calling faintly to "Stop him, stop him!" A few more steps, and I should be safe. Ah, no; too late! She has cast off—and backing much astern—voice behind calling still to "Stop him!" Suddenly, as the vessel backs, the stern comes gradually to the edge, and men ask, is the gentleman minded to go still. Friendly arms are held out from aboard, and in a second I am standing on the deck, being borne onward at full speed. I was afloat (ah, that touches a chord!); but as we moved swiftly away, I could just make out a dark figure at the edge of the pier, gesticulating wildly, and tossing its arms distractedly over its head.

# OUR NEW ORGANIST.

THE old man who for upwards of thirty years had been organist of Waldon Cathedral, was not forthcoming one spring morning: being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my *Wanderj  r*; I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now at the bishop's, desire I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

Waldon—for reasons of my own, I do not speak of my native town by its right name—is a very behind-the-time, out-of-the-world place; my gazetteer says that it is "chiefly noted for its cathedral, a magnificent, cruciform structure; and its palace, the residence of the lord-bishop of the diocese;" but I do not think that it is "noted" at all. Nevertheless, though I have travelled much, I have never seen any building that appeared to me so imposing and grandly suggestive as Waldon Cathedral; but then I have that familiarity with it which breeds, not contempt, but truest reverence for what is truly admirable. I own a house in the cathedral-yard, in which I was born, in which I hope to die.

For some months after the death of our old organist, I was a reluctant occupant of this house of mine. As spring gave place to summer, my impatience to escape from the drowsy heat that settled down on Waldon was great. The two or three ignorant and self-complacent young men who alone applied for the vacant situation, received questionably courteous dismissal.

One sultry midsummer evening, my thoughts turned with especial longing to Norwegian fields and fiords. I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the cathedral by a small, low side-door, of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to stroll in the palace-grounds, and, remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterwards I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace-

grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral-yard by the heavy arched-way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed; the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

"This man will do," I thought, as I listened. "He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah, ye Waldonites, ye shall slumber through your services no longer. The power of music shall stir ye."

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. It chanced that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately I dropped it, and the consequent noise, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there—no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the other. I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a foot-fall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if human fingers had pressed the keys that night. But there was my book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit musician would hardly make use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: only the echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had "drowsed" from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and had seen "naught nor nobody."

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced: so I departed, locking the

door behind me; but I sauntered a long time beneath the limes before I could persuade myself to go home.

Next evening I practised again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporise, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the summer night-sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of bygone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period, I was studying musical science. One day I sat at the piano in an inner room, poring over a blotted manuscript score, while my chum smoked and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor's library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon

my perplexity. I found what I needed in a mass of Alessandro Scarlatti's. I mounted the steep stair slowly, reading as I went. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the simplest rule of my art.

"The old professor," I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed up stairs, and burst in upon my hazy friend. He removed his pipe from his lips, and opened his dreamy eyes widely. "Hollo! I thought you were in the other room," he exclaimed.

"Who is there?—the old professor, or—the old—?" My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found no one. Every thing was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checkered my music-paper. We looked round, then at each other. My chum shrugged his shoulders. My many eager questions produced this answer: "I don't understand it any more than I understand this"—tapping his book with his pipe. "I saw you leave that door"—pointing to that of the outer room; "soon after heard a grand strike-up; thought you had perhaps returned while I dozed; saw you appear, looking as if you were slightly demented. That's all; don't pretend to explain. If it were a ghost who played, I fear I have been mighty disrespectful, for I cried out: 'Well done, old boy.'"

We knocked about the furniture, rattled a securely fastened-up door, which evidently had not been open for ages, and led only to an unsafe wing of the mouldering habitation, till it threatened to come to pieces under our treatment; but we obtained no clue to the mystery, and again looked blankly into each other's faces. We never did obtain the slightest clue to this mystery. As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have recorded all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain.

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. *What* had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I locked the door behind me, locking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted

along, close to the wall of the building. Obligated to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; just there I overtook the form I had pursued. Bah! it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practised. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely locked up. But the child must have seen him, as she had lingered ever since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes, and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

"You did not frighten me," she answered.

"You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?"

"You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else."

"No one else! Yet you must have been in the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him."

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. Just then, an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral, my mind misgave me; I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

"She give me this (showing a shilling), and went away the very minute she'd adone playing."

"She!" It flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight, plain young girl. She would surely

come again—I *would* secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child-organist, whose playing made the solemn limes perform a stately minuet in the cathedral-yard.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and ensconced myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi that Domenicohino of music. Well, just after the cathedral-bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted through the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying: "There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you." I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed; before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-loft. I did not mean to show myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes, it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines



of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By and by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

When she removed the hands, and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she rose and stood before me, steadily meeting my eyes, varying expressions gathering into hers; at last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reprove her for the trouble she had given me, and to *command* her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

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"Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?"

"She has no friend in the world but me."

Mrs. Smith—that was her name she told me—turned back from the door to inquire of



door behind me; but I sauntered a long time beneath the limes before I could persuade myself to go home.

Next evening I practised again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporise, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the summer night-sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of bygone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period, I was studying musical science. One day I sat at the piano in an inner room, poring over a blotted manuscript score, while my chum smoked and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor's library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon

my perplexity. I found what I nee mass of Alessandro Scarlatti's. I a the steep stair slowly, reading as I we. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the simplest rule of my art.

"The old professor," I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed up stairs, and burst in upon my hazy friend. He removed his pipe from his lips, and opened his dreamy eyes widely. "Hollo! I thought you were in the other room," he exclaimed.

"Who is there?—the old professor, or—the old——?" My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found no one. Every thing was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checkered my music-paper. We looked round, then at each other. My chum shrugged his shoulders. My many eager questions produced this answer: "I don't understand it any more than I understand this"—tapping his book with his pipe. "I saw you leave that door"—pointing to that of the outer room; "soon after heard a grand strike-up; thought you had perhaps returned while I dozed; saw you appear, looking as if you were slightly demented. That's all; don't pretend to explain. If it were a ghost who played, I fear I have been mighty disrespectful, for I cried out: 'Well done, old boy.'"

We knocked about the furniture, rattled a securely fastened-up door, which evidently had not been open for ages, and led only to an unsafe wing of the mouldering habitation, till it threatened to come to pieces under our treatment; but we obtained no clue to the mystery, and again looked blankly into each other's faces. We never did obtain the slightest clue to this mystery. As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have recorded all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain.

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. What had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I locked the door behind me, locking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted

along, close to the wall of the building. Obligated to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; 'tust there I overtook the form I had pursued. Bah! it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practised. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely locked up. But the child must have seen him, as she had lingered ever since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes, and the meek dignity of her manner. 'muttered some excuse for frightening her.

"You did not frighten me," she answered.

"You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?"

"You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else."

"No one else! Yet you must have been in the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him."

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. Just then, an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral, my mind misgave me; I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

"She give me this (showing a shilling), and went away the very minute she'd adone playing."

"She!" It flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight, plain young girl. She would surely

come again—I *would* secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child-organist, whose playing made the solemn limes perform a stately minuet in the cathedral-yard.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and ensconced myself instead behind the screening *jasmine* at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi that Domenichino of music. Well, just after the cathedral-bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted through the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying: "There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you." I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed; before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-loft. I did not mean to show myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes, it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines

of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By and by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

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me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I despatched Margaret with Mrs. Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning, I was teacher. I showed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favorite services, telling her that, by and by, when she was at home here, she should play any thing she chose.

"It is a misfortune for a musician to have such a band as yours," I remarked.

"I try all I can to stretch them," was answered apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course, I did no such thing: their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarlett's Requiem. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her, several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her; but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admiringly she watched me; she had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me,

and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practising in the cathedral.

"You have had a thorough musical education," I observed to her one day.

"My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since." There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. "Here I shall be happy," she added calmly. "I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral."

"You must have been very young when"—

"When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child."

"Alice, Alice! It is time to go home," Mrs. Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

"No. You are very kind, but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?" She looked at me wistfully.

"I will take care that you do not do that."

"Will you be near me?"

"Where I am now—ready to turn the pages."

"That makes it all different," said the child. "I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now."

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. "God bless thee, dear child," I murmured as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes; she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others. When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

"How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!" she said.

"I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest."

In the evening, she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine: she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervor. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service; how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat, nor did I afterwards repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practise with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved: now she could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?"

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs. Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral-yard, Alice looked back lovingly:

"Would it be possible for me ever, anywhere, to forget this place," she said musingly. "It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt (so she called Mrs. Smith), I should like to be buried very near the cathedral."

"No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am underground."

"I do not wish to die," she answered.

Pressing her hand, which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted heavenly-minded child!"

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's

home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterised her as an artist, informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home, many things in the arrangement of my grander house displeased me—there were faults of commission, yet more of omission: evidently, a central something was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-gardens frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Every thing was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now, all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By the by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flower-beds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her

large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft, brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful lines of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline— But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening, Alice was dressed as simply as usual: her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long, that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by and by, I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I knew, a hateful, purring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

"She is shockingly affected; a dreadful flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop's blind side. I wonder if the chit fancies she might be a bishop's lady!"

"She flies rather lower than that," said a kindred voice. "She and Mr. — (never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course, they call it practising—a very pretty kind of practice!"

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

"A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies," I remarked; then passed on towards the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the veiling lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine.

When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendlessness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice any thing beyond these instructions—any thing personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight: I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last re-entered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homewards. I was so cramped by cold, and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had re-entered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral-yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and sighing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure: it branched off towards my little door of the cathedral. I tried to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the

roots of my hair—I opened that door, which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building, all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintry dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. "Alice is dead" was my firm conviction. I managed to rise, and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room, was the packet I had prepared for Alice. "Returned after her death," I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

"When did she die?" I asked stolidly, by and by.

"Nigh a month since, sir."

A long pause.

"Who plays the organ now?"

"Please, sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse," was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly,

"Well, she does it all the same," was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

"Are you mocking me, woman?" I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

"Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ."

"Alice Hall, sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, sir; she has not missed a service."

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face.

"Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?"

"Yes, sir; it has, sir." Margaret backed towards the door as I rose.

"Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course."

"Law! Good gracious, sir, I never said any thing of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet."

"Margaret! who then died a month since?" I put the question solemnly.

"Mrs. Smith, sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit, quite sudden, as I told you plainly, sir."

"Leave the room," I commanded.

I cannot say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By and by, I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh, well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By and by, she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: "You should not be here on such a morning."

"And you are come home at last?" She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning-dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

"You have missed me?" I asked humbly.

"Yes, yes."



"And can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

"You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill," she said gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

"I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return."

"No, no; you never frighten me; you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return, if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been wrong of me to think of you unkindly."

"Why did you shudder but now?"

"I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night."

"Tell it me."

"I had rather not."

"I have a reason for wishing to know it."

"I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem."

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A queer thrill went through me, as, for the first time, I fully recalled the events of the past night.

"You must let me take you home," I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

"You must not spoil me so; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you."

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried:

"Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!"

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

"I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?" she asked earnestly.

"It is because I love you."

My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped,

and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice—(not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral-yard. It was on New-year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New-year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. O Alice, Alice, my wife, my wife! Why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to press. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal fingers touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumor in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tenderness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in Thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half-a-dozen persons, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion—the organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.



From Household Words.

#### THE BLANKSHIRE THICKET.

THICKETS in Blankshire are not now the dense masses of underwood which they are still popularly believed to be, and which, perhaps once they were. The ram of the patriarch Isaac would scarcely be caught in any of these by his horns; vast quantities of sheep, indeed, make their pasture land of our thicket without paying further tribute to the briars and the prickly gorse than a few handfuls of wool, and a man may walk miles and miles upon it without meeting with greater inconveniences than an occasional thorn in his flesh.

The lordly stag (not seldom uncared for our thicket) finds scarce an obstacle which his easy canter cannot surmount without a bound; the large limbed hounds, whose mistress is the queen herself, dash through it at full speed, unheeding of the gorse which reddens their tail tips; and the scarlet coated hunters take their way by fifties and by hundreds across the densest part of it almost as swiftly as along its open turf roads.

A lonely spot it is at all seasons, bleak enough in winter, but beautiful and brilliant with color in the summer time; then, except the little round bald patches which mark the halting places of the numerous companies of gipsies who at that period haunt our Blankshire thicket, all is green or golden. The soft south wind is never weary of blowing there, although always somewhat faint with the odor of the gorse blossoms; the lark is never tired of singing in the blue above, nor the grasshopper in the green beneath; nor the butterfly of roaming over the dangerous blooms whose sharp spears threaten in vain its delicate fairy wings. There are few thickets like it, and those few are growing fewer day by day. It is not impossible that the Enclosure Act may lay its claws, or one of its clauses, before long, even upon Brierly Thicket; indeed, I have missed a corner here, and a good strip there, and what I have known to be a capital rabbit bank, has become a corn-field patch already, so that the sooner I say what I have got to say about our thicket—while it is a thicket—the better.

In the good old times, which were five-and-thirty years ago exactly, Brierly, which is now a stagnant country town, was a place of importance. The great western road to London, the king's highway (which is now, alas! the railroad), ran through it, and upon that

road seventy three coaches passed and re-passed daily. Forty five of these changed horses at the Calderton Arms, which was the best hotel in our town, and patronised by Lord Calderton of Brierly Park, who in those days saved us the trouble of choosing a representative in Parliament by nominating one himself, and bidding us vote for him.

In those good old times it must be confessed that our thicket was not so safe as it is now. No coach ever crossed it after dusk without the guard having his loaded blunderbuss ready at his hand, lest he should meet with any gentlemen of the road, and many were the robberies to which, despite that precaution, passengers were obliged to submit.

Brierly farmers driving home from market in the evening used to go armed, and with at least one companion. Pedlars who were foolish enough to expose the contents of a valuable pack at any place upon one side of our thicket, rarely got scot-free to the other; nay, if they made resistance, they sometimes never crossed it at all, for highway robbery being then a hanging matter, murder was no worse, and it was as well, said the thieves with the proverb, to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. There was a patrol upon our thicket it is true, but he did not very much deter the marauders, and simple nervous passengers, always mistaking him for a robber, suffered three parts of the wretchedness of being robbed in the fright. Nevertheless there were honest men, then as now, who cared for never a thief living; and one of these was Farmer Johnson of Stroat Farm, near Brierly, and another was my uncle Jack.

Farmer Johnson was accustomed to cross our thicket at all seasons and at any hour, as often alone as in company, and unless he walked (which, as he was fourteen stone, he was generally loth to do), without even an ashplant wherewith to defend himself. He ran such risks indeed without ever coming to harm, that it was popularly understood, in fun, that he was himself in league with the highwaymen, which in those times it was not such a very uncommon thing for men of some substance to be. Nevertheless even Farmer Johnson was stopped at last, upon our thicket.

He was returning late at night from Fussworth market in his gig alone, and with a pretty heavy purse in his pocket, the proceeds of a successful sale in barley: his good for-

tune made him whistle as he drove, and his good mare Salt-fish, who was almost a thoroughbred, spanked along merrily without touch of whip, as if she sympathised with her master. When they had reached about the middle of our thicket, a man sprang up on either side the road from amid the gorse and stood in the way, while at the same instant a third fellow laid his hand upon the gig behind. Farmer Johnson understood the state of affairs at a glance, and knowing that he could rely upon the mare, took his measures accordingly: by a sharp pull at the bit he caused the docile Salt-fish (who had come to a full stop upon two legs and presented the unusual sign in heraldry of a horse rampant in a gig passant) to run backwards with surprising agility, knocking down the gentleman behind, and playfully trampling upon him in her retreat; thus Farmer Johnson extricated himself from the dilemma, and had he been wise would have trotted back to Fussworth well satisfied enough: but he had just come from thence, and was bound for his own residence, Stoot Farm, nor was he a man very easily induced to change his determination. Gathering up the reins, therefore, and holding the mare well together, he rushed her at the two men who still stopped the way, and scattered them like chaff.

"Good night, gentlemen!" he cried satirically, as he bowled along at some fifteen miles an hour, but the words had scarcely left his lips, when Salt-fish and gig, and all, heeled completely over, and Farmer Johnson's triumph was ended. The three thieves sit seems, regardless of omens, were the proprietors of a long stout rope, which was stretched across the road on pegs, and had thus caused this misfortune. In another minute, and before he could rise, his enemies were upon him; resistance from an unarmed man was useless, for though they had no pistols they could have beaten out his brains with their bludgeons in a few minutes; so Farmer Johnson submitted as patiently as he could, and confined himself to making a particular study of their countenances, with a view to recognising them under more auspicious circumstances. They took his purse, and gave him a good drubbing, in return for the trouble which he had given them, and they would have doubtless taken his mare also, but that she had in the meantime gone off towards Stoot Farm of her own accord with the resuscitated gig behind her.

Farmer Johnson, as he started homewards on foot amid the laughter of his despoilers was sensible neither of his loss nor of his bruises; an overwhelming desire for revenge swallowed up, like a Moses' rod, all other feelings; he had scarce patience to get a prudent distance away from his late companions before he gave the long shrill whistle, which Salt-fish knew so well as her master's summons; back came the highblooded mare at a hand-gallop, instantly, and the farmer climbed up into the gig; he put his hand under the driving seat and brought out exultingly a new sharp sickle.

"Fool that I was," cried he, "to have forgotten this, which I bought only this very day." It was a present which he had promised to one of his men, and ten minutes before would perhaps have been worth two hundred pounds to him. "What's done, however, could be undone," according to the persevering farmer and giving the mare a flick with the whip-lash, he turned her into a turf-road which runs through our thicket from that place, and presently joins the highway again by a circumbendibus: by this means he could come, by the same direction as before, over the very same ground, and if the thieves should be still there he was prepared for them. His only fear was that they would have decamped with their booty. They, however, thinking that "old twenty stun" (as they had irreverently called him) would be a long time in going afoot to Brierty, had set their trap anew for more game from Fussworth market, and hearing the sound of wheels, pricked up their ears and grasped their bludgeons. No sooner, however, did the running footman, the third man of the party, lay his hand upon the gig behind, than Farmer Johnson, who was waiting for him, struck him over the head with the sickle, to such good purpose, that the man dropped in the road.

"I forgot," cried the stout yeoman, as he came up with the other two, "I forgot, when I met you before, sirs, to give you this," holding up the weapon, and leaping out upon the left hand man: this fellow astounded by such an address, and really bewildered at seeing again the same individual who he had such excellent means for knowing was elsewhere and in sad plight, made but a feeble resistance, and after his fall, his comrade took to his heels across the trackless thicket:

the farmer was at no time very well calculated to catch a runner, and pursuit was of course, under the circumstances, not to be thought of. The stolen purse was luckily in the pocket of the first man, and with that and his two captives—most grievously mauled by the sickle—the plucky old yeoman came into Brierly about day-break, and covered himself, as may well be believed, with provincial glory.

The other adventure, which I remember to have happened upon our thicket, occurred to my uncle Jack. He was what was called in those good old times which I have referred to, a red-hot radical, or as we should now say a moderate whig, and in the electioneering practices of that date he was a somewhat unscrupulous proficient: his hatred of the noble house of Calderton, which arrogated to itself the right of appointing the member for the borough was of a nature of which we moderns, unacquainted as we are with what political animosity really means, can have no conception: "all's fair at election time," was a favorite moral precept with my uncle, and one up to which, whenever Brierly was contested, he most conscientiously acted.

The struggle between the nominee of his lordship, and a certain yellow candidate from the metropolis, was, upon one occasion—the first in which the Calderton rule was rebelled against with any hope of success—excessively keen, and the screw was put very sharply upon the Brierly tenants. Uncle Jack, the better to observe the enemy, was stopping at the Calderton Arms itself, from which he secretly sent forth his ukases, and regulated liberal affairs. He saw that these were going badly; that more money was wanted, and that for certain reasons, neither in Brierly notes, nor even in those of the Bank of England, but in good, untestifying, unrecognisable gold sovereigns from the Mint. There was very little time to procure it in, and the getting it from town was a highly important and most confidential task, so Uncle Jack, after some consultation with those he considered could be trusted, determined to undertake it himself.

Nobody, reasoned he, would surely suspect him, an inmate of the Calderton Arms, of being the purse-bearer of the Friends of Liberty. Robert Supple, the landlord, who was, of course, Caldertonian to the back-bone, and had a considerable following, was a dull man,

who thought himself shrewd, and of the easiest possible sort to hoodwink; while his son was a scamp, if not something even worse, whose feelings were not likely to be interested in any electioneering matter whatever.

Uncle Jack was neither a dull man, nor a scamp, ergo (so he proved it) he was more than a match for them. He ordered out his gig and his big brown horse in order to go to Fussworth; there was certainly no mistake about that; he mentioned Fussworth twice, distinctly, to Mr. Supple, who was smoking his pipe at the inn door, with an expression of countenance as though he were personifying human wisdom at the request of some eminent sculptor. He spoke of Fussworth, casually, to Supple the younger, as he hung about the inn yard as usual, with both his idle hands in his pockets; and Fussworth, said he, nodding to the inquiring hostler, as he snatched the horsecloth cleverly off the brown at the moment of departure; and yet Uncle Jack was going farther than Fussworth that same day, nevertheless.

It was night—midnight by the time my uncle got upon our thicket again upon his way home. He had nobody with him, and no weapon of any kind, and he had two thousand pounds in gold under the gig seat. It was upon this last account that he kept his eyes so sharply about him, and listened so painfully with his ears, and not through any fear upon his own account, for Uncle Jack was bold as a lion. He was anxious lest the cause of liberty should suffer a dire loss; lest the Calderton clique should triumph on this as on all other occasions, through any misadventure of his; and it was for this alone that he feared the chances of the dark, and highwaymen. Blindfold, he had almost known every inch of the way, and he drove through the gloom as softly as he possibly could, with his wheels low on the sand, and dumb on the turf, and grating on the hard road but rarely; sometimes he would even pull up to listen, and he did not press the big brown to speed at any time, but kept him as fresh as his long journey would permit him to be, in case it should come to a stern chase.

Presently, in the centre of the way there loomed a horseman, and the fatal Stand! rang hoarsely out over the heath. My uncle would have made a rush and trusted to the fellow's pistol missing fire, but he saw that the muzzle covered him, and that the risk

was too tremendous for that. The robber, who was masked, rode up to his side with the weapon still levelled, and demanded his money. My uncle offered him his watch, and some loose sovereigns, but the other shook his head.

"I want the money under the seat," cried he, hoarsely; "I know you have it there."

"If you know that," said my uncle, quietly, "you must also know that not a penny of it belongs to me: I will not voluntarily give it up to any man,—I will die first,—but since you have a pistol, I cannot help your taking it if you have a mind, and may I live to see you hung, you rascal."

Uncle Jack used some exciting language besides, which would better repetition in those good old times, than in these, and then sullenly shifted his legs, so that the bags of gold under the seat could be got at. The highwayman leaned forward to reach them with one hand, still keeping the pistol levelled in the other, as though he knew the man he had to deal with; but in doing this he bent his head for a second, and, before he could raise it again, Uncle Jack was upon him like a lion. By striking spurs into his horse, the robber managed to extricate himself, but in the brief struggle the pistol went off harmlessly, and remained with my uncle; and before the wretch could draw another, the big brown was laying his four feet to the ground to some purpose; they were nearly at the end of our thicket, before the enraged highwayman could come within range of them.

"Chuck out the gold," he cried, in a terrible voice, "or I'll shoot ye."

"Shoot and —," halloed Uncle Jack, whose flying wheels, no longer particular about making a noise, drowned the rest of the sentence. "I'll lay a pound that I live to see you hung." He knew it was not an easy matter for a man on horseback to shoot a man in a gig—both flying. After they had gone on in this fashion for some time, "Patrol," cried my uncle, joyfully, and at the full pitch of his voice.

"Death and thunder!" or something of that kind exclaimed the highwayman, as he pulled up his mare upon her haunches. By which device Uncle Jack gained fifty yards, and got quite clear of our thicket. In five minutes more he had reached the toll-gate, and was out of Robber-land.

Not a word said he of his adventure, to

the ostler roused up at one in the morning to attend upon him; only, "What has become of the grey?" asked he, carelessly, as his eyes rested upon an empty stall in the huge stable wherein his own Brown was housed.

"Master Willum has took him out to Wutton until the day after to-morrow," was the simple reply.

Uncle Jack retired to rest with the serenest of smiles and deposited the gold in safety under his mattress. On the next morning his landlord waited upon him after breakfast, by particular desire.

"How many votes, my good friend," said my uncle, "can you really command now, independently of his lordship?"

"Why, you surely ain't a-coming that game?" said the innkeeper grimly. "I should have thought you had known me by this time better than that; I am going to bring seventeen voters up to poll next week to vote for the True Blue, however, and I don't care who knows it."

"Seventeen," said my uncle, smiling, "that will do capitally: I should not have thought, Mr. Supple, you could have brought so many. This will be equivalent to giving us thirty-four," added he, soliloquising, "and we only wanted thirty to win."

"To giving you thirty-four?" cried the indignant host; why I'd see you hanged first; leastways, not you, sir, but the whole yellow lot . . ."

"Do you know this pistol?" exclaimed my uncle, suddenly, and with a great deal of sternness, "and are you aware to whom it belongs?"

"Yes, I do," said the innkeeper, a little uncomfortable, but not in the least suspecting what was to come, "it belongs to my son William."

"It does!" said Uncle Jack. "I took it from him last night upon Brierly thicket, where he tried to commit a highway robbery with a badly fitting mask on his face; which is a hanging matter, Mr. Supple."

The agony of the father (who was only too convinced of the truth of what was said, as he had himself mentioned to his son his suspicion of what my uncle was really gone to Fussworth about) was terrible to witness, and moved the accuser greatly. "Spare him; spare my son!" exclaimed the poor fellow.

"Do I look like the sort of a man to hang the son of anybody who promises to do me a favor?" said Uncle Jack, placidly; "but," added he, with meaning, "you had better not forget those seventeen voters, Mr. Supple."

And so it turned out that through Uncle Jack's adventure in the Blankshire Thicket, the yellow candidate came in for Brierly, for two thousand pounds less than the cost he had calculated.



From The Economist, 17 July.

# THE REKINDLING FANATICISMS OF THE EAST

THIS seems to be an age of returning excitement among all the great Oriental Religions. Five years ago there sprang up in China that great and prolonged religious revolution which was apparently intended to introduce sweeping reforms into the prevailing Buddhism, and to connect with this purely religious, a political and national purpose,—the reinstatement of the proper Chinese race and dynasty in the place of the worn-out Mongol aristocracy. Then soon after came that explosion of fanatic zeal,—primarily, in all probability, among the Mahometans, secondarily among the Hindoos,—which aimed at the exclusion of the English from India, and began its long and destructive career by the reinstatement of the old Mahometan dynasty on the throne of Delhi, and the revolt of the Mahometan kingdom of Oude. But whatever religious excitement there was, Hindoos as well as Mahometans shared; and probably one great secret of their weakness was the incompatibility of the devouring bigotry of the faith of Islam with the passive but susceptible caste-jealousies of the Brahminical code. And now the same chronic excitement among the Oriental types of faith is spreading westward. There seems to be still good ground for dreading a Mahometan rising in Bombay. We hear, on reliable private information, that in that Presidency the mysterious cakes have again been widely distributed which preceded, and were supposed to indicate, the original conspiracy in Bengal. In Arabia, too, Mahometanism has burst into a flame. At Djedda, the port of Mecca on the Red Sea, the Mahometans rose on the European population, and succeeded in tearing down the flags of the French and English consulates, murdering the Consuls, and many others of the resident Europeans. It was the time when the Mahometan pilgrims to Mecca from all parts of the world were assembling; and there is even a rumor that a Mahometan Sheikh was in the town, who had borne some part in the massacre of Delhi. Whatever may have been the irritating cause, it is clear that an excitable condition of religious feeling was the real origin of the outbreak. Again, within the limits of Europe, there are not wanting many signs of the same highly excited feeling among Mahometans. Probably the constant pressure on Turkish customs and faith which the Greek Church of Russia has long been applying on one side, and the European powers on the other, is the immediate cause. The insult to the English Consul at Belgrade is one of the symptoms of this irritation. A more serious one has lately shown itself in Candia, where a quarrel

between a Greek and a Turk in the town of Canea has issued in a revolt of the Mussulman population, an attack on the European consulates, and outbreaks in other parts of the island. It is clear that all the great Oriental religions are giving signs of special susceptibility to the presence of other and uncongenial faiths. Sometimes, as in China, one form of Oriental conviction asserts itself against another form; sometimes, as in India, two mutually incompatible forms of faith bound together by a fundamental fusion of races, unite temporarily against a third and completely alien faith and race;—sometimes, as in Arabia and Europe, the smouldering Oriental faith, becoming conscious of undergoing involuntary compression at the hands of the freer races and religions by which it is surrounded, gives forth the sparks of a temporarily revived but still perhaps nearly exhausted vitality. Oriental fanaticism seems at all events to be spreading simultaneously everywhere by a kind of electric sympathy.

For us, however, the immediate interest of this remarkable phenomenon is chiefly in the anxiety with which it invests the continued Indian revolt. When several apparently exhausted volcanoes in the same neighborhood burst into new activity, the mind very naturally watches eagerly and anxiously for similar symptoms in those which have not yet given any signs of life. The phenomenon seems to indicate a sporadic cause, and every petty flash in Bombay, nay even the deep tranquillity of Madras, is watched with an apprehensive eye. And what would be the policy most appropriate in the English Government during such a crisis? Surely one that should give the notion of vigilant, unchangeable purpose, ready for any storm, shrinking from no responsibility. But what is the impression which the recent demeanor of the English Government and of the English House of Commons is calculated to make on the Indian races, instinct as they are with the excitement of revived suspicion and revived fanaticism? Let the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* speak the feeling prevalent in India when nothing later than the promulgation of the absurd India Bill No. 2 had taken place, and when, therefore, the greatest imprudence of the present Government had not yet been published there. "I may mention," he says, "that the extraordinary vacillation of the House upon Indian affairs is doing great injury. The natives, at first delighted at the change, are now alarmed by the idea that the Crown will not accept the liabilities of the Company. The fear is, of course, absurd, but it is really sending down the price of stock, and it is produced mainly by Mr. Disraeli's talk about diassociating the finance of England from that of India. There is no wish



among the Europeans to associate them." If this were the general impression in India before the discussions on the Ellenborough dispatch, what may we not expect to hear as the result of those discussions? It is obvious that the great Hindoo and Mahometan races are at present almost in the condition of heated gunpowder. A mere spark may spring a mine under our feet. And almost any circumstances which give an impression of English irresolution and incapacity, of our distrust of the authorities to whom we have committed the Government of our Empire, or of any violence of party-strife at home sufficient to weaken their hands, may be the occasion of a great explosion. We have been trifling with symptoms of danger far too grave for us to be able to fathom all their meaning; and, we fear, we may soon feel the result.

From The Examiner, 31 July.  
THE STATE OF TURKEY.

OUR Eastern policy is on its trial. The question begins to occur to many minds whether, after all, Russia has not been more in the right regarding Turkey than we have thought her. We must distinguish between evil designs and the view of facts made subservient to evil designs. The partition of Turkey has long been the settled purpose of the Court of St. Petersburg, and, knowing this, we have been in the habit of treating the Russian representations of the incurable state of the Turkish empire as mere fictions, invented to serve the foregone conclusion. Russia has complained of the persecution of Christians in the dominions of the Sultan, and has asserted that if the Porte be sincerely disposed to restrain the savage fanaticism of its subjects, it has not the power to do so, its behests having small force beyond a few days' journey from Constantinople. Russia has therefore scouted the very name of the Turkish empire, alleging that what is called an empire is no empire whatever, nothing more than a name. Now these facts may be put forward for a very dishonest purpose, but the facts are not the less facts because the design into whose service they are pressed is bad. It may be too true that we have, as Nicholas said, "a sick man on our hands," though his sickness will not warrant robbery and murder.

The recent atrocities in Candia, Belgrade, and Jeddah are all of a piece, all symptomatic of the same passion of bigotry; and barbarities of a similar sort, though perhaps on a smaller scale, are committed unheard of in obscure places wherever Mahometans and Christians are mingled together, the former being the majority, or having the upper hand. The Porte upon demand of redress is always ready with promises of satisfaction, its fair

words are never wanting, but no one who knows any thing of its ways will expect for one moment the realisation of its promises. But we are always complaisant enough to take the will for the deed. In truth, however, is there more of will than of deed in the matter? We are almost as sceptical about the one as about the other.

The criminals are not punished on the spot where the punishment would serve for example, but, forsooth, they are ordered up to Constantinople for trial, where no one can really pretend to know what finally becomes of them, whether they are punished at all; and a suspicion may arise of the opposite proceeding, secret encouragement or reward. And how can we expect it to be otherwise? Policy may prescribe the protection of Christians against Mahometan bigotry, but whenever politics and religious prejudices come into collision, the former must yield, as reason is in action weaker than passion. If the Porte were twice as strong as it is, it would not be strong enough to cope with the fanaticism of its barbarous subjects distant from the seat of Government.

It is to be observed that recent circumstances have highly inflamed the Mahometan hatred of Christians. Our Persian war was placed to the account of religion, and it is potently believed in Turkey that we are endeavoring to extirpate Mahometanism in India. Other causes may have entered into the recent outrages, but the religious animosity has been ready, and prepared to back up any other ground of quarrel. We may be asked how it is that the French were objects of hostility at Jeddah, no less than the English; the answer is that the ignorant Mahometans confound all national distinctions, assuming that all Christians are bound together in a common cause, where religion is concerned.

A French journal, supposed to be much in the confidence of the Government, lately remarked:

"The ingratitude of Turkey will not affect the moderation and equity of France. Her policy will remain unchanged. There exist in Europe statesmen who consider that Turkey ought not to live, cannot live, and that her customs, religion, social condition, and institutions are almost an outrage to civilization. We do not know the future reserved for the children of Mahomet, and we do not believe that the Koran possesses the moral and divine immortality of the New Testament. But we likewise do not believe that nationalities and a state of society consecrated by time are destined to disappear in crises provoked by their transformation. . . . France and the other powers will, therefore, guard over the

preservation of the Ottoman Empire in the future as in the past. They will doubtless find it more just and easier to preserve it, and to facilitate its transformation, than to replace it. But they also possess a guardianship—which must be held in view—of interests attached to moral order. *They will not permit Christians to be slaughtered like victims, and persecuted like martyrs. They will insist on the accomplishment of the promised reforms; and should the arm of Turkey not suffice for the task, that of France and Europe will supply the deficient strength.*"

To this complexion must it come at last. The arm of Turkey will not suffice for the protection of the religionists obnoxious to Mahometan bigotry, and the Western Powers will have to interpose, and to supply what is wanting in the feeble government of the Porte. What, then, becomes of the independence for the maintenance of which we have been lavishing so much blood and treasure in the Crimea? Nothing is more certain than that if the Porte cannot govern it will be governed, and the first partition that will be seen will be the partition of power by foreign moderators. The old saying that troubles never come single will be too probably verified in the East, the revolt in Bengal having given an impulse to Mahometan jealousies and animosities, which may render the Turkish rule, in Europe at least, insufferable and impossible.

Every account from the East furnishes fresh evidence of the difficult dilemma in which the Turkish Government is placed. Its weak attempts to control fanaticism are turning the fanaticism against itself, and alienating the "true believers." In Arabia a new sect has sprung up, professors of a kind of Mussulman Protestant faith, regarding the Sultan as we do the Pope. This is the boiling pitch of the spirit every where hot and unmanageable. From Bosnia 6,000 Christians fled for their lives to the Austrian territories. They report that 180 of their young girls had been carried off by the Turks. Wherever a Christian population is in contact with Turks the same sort of struggle is taking place; and it depends only on the comparative forces whether the result is a massacre like Jeddah, a persecution as in Bosnia, or occasional outrages like those in Servia. The animosity works out its brutal gratifications according to opportunity.

A signal example is promised in the case of Jeddah. We are assured that summary justice will be done, that there is to be no reference to Constantinople, no sending prisoners there for trial, no waiting for confirmation of sentences, no shams or evasions of any sort. We confess to small faith in these professions;

but if they should be really carried into effect, the consequences in the present ferment of the Mussulman mind is likely to cause a great spread of disaffection, and to raise up many difficulties for the Porte. It is a distracted Government, pulled and torn opposite ways. The more diseased and weak it is, the greater are the demands made upon its failing strength. When the Sultan's authority does not avail for the protection of his Christian subjects, foreign powers interpose, and insist upon certain exertions to put an end to the wrong; and perhaps with a difficult and painful effort the thing is done for the moment, in one quarter, to break out presently in another. And this is called strengthening the authority of the Sultan, it being about as much strengthening his authority as inducing a bankrupt to pay a debt here and there while he remains largely insolvent is strengthening his means. And it will soon come to this, that the Porte, while admitting the justice of demands made on it, will plead inability to satisfy them, and crave foreign help for the performance of duties involving foreign interests or sympathies. Such will be the beginning of the end, either anarchy or foreign intervention ensuing. If the latter be the event, to escape a general continental battle over the dead body of the Porte will be next to a miracle.

We take these gloomy views against all our predispositions, for we had once hopes of the regeneration of Turkey; but that was before affairs in the East had inflamed the Mussulman bigotry to such a pitch as to make every Christian appear an enemy, to destroy whom is acceptable to the Prophet. It is unnecessary to add that there are enlightened subjects of the Sultan untouched with any such frenzy, but that the gross mass of the population is possessed of it is too certainly proved by the examples to which we have referred. It is true that the scenes of the atrocities are at the extremities of the empire, where authority is weakest. The feeling is too probably the same even at the centre of government, but it is repressed. With any weakening of the controlling power it would fly into action, like a spring delivered from its counter-check.

From The Examiner, 7 Aug.

#### OUR RELATIONS WITH CHINA.

ALTHOUGH by the latest accounts our relations with China are certainly not in a perfectly satisfactory state, yet we have no apprehension for the safety of our trade of thirty, and our revenue of ten millions, which are dependent on them. Anarchy, notwithstanding, China, to judge by the past, will continue to produce all the tea and all the

raw silk we can consume, and to consume as much opium as we can produce.

Let us glance at the actual condition of the country which is capable of all this. It contains three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants, which is more than the population of all other countries of Asia put together. So much for mere numbers; but if we reckon the Chinese by the measure of their skill and industry, we should rate them at thrice the number of all other Asiatics. In material civilisation, a Chinese is as superior to a Hindu as an Englishman is to a Russian, or a Frenchman to a Spaniard. Proof sufficient of the advantage of the Chinese over all other Asiatic people is to be found in the excellence of their agriculture and manufactures, but above all, in the superiority of their government and laws, which have been able to assimilate and hold, under a single rule, millions of men, spread over an area that counts by hundreds of thousands of miles, and this for a period that reckons by thousands of years.

The superiority of the Chinese over their neighbors, and their ignorance of all higher civilisations, has naturally filled them with inordinate pride and ridiculous vanity. They know not and dream not of equals. Compared with themselves, their immediate neighbors are few, weak, and barbarous. These neighbors, indeed, admit their own inferiority, some paying them literal tribute, and all the tribute of imitation. The Tonquinese, the Cochinese, and the Siamese are their pecuniary tributaries; the Japanese copy them, even to the extent of adopting their written language. They have conquered Manchuria and Mongolia that once conquered them, and they have subdued Thibet, placing a viceroy over the Grand Lama, the very Pope of one of their principal religions.

Twice over, since Europeans have become, as it were, personally acquainted with China, it has been conquered by strangers, the conquerors in both instances being Tartar shepherds. But the shepherds in each case have been themselves in turn vanquished by the Chinese, by being obliged, in order to rule, to adopt their laws, manners, and customs, so that in fact the conquests of China have involved no revolutions; every thing political and social remaining as before. Whatever changes took place we may even be inclined to consider as improvements, for it was the Mogul dynasty that constructed the grand canal, to which there is nothing parallel in Asia, nor indeed, was there in Europe when it was completed, while under the present Manchoes the Empire has enjoyed a peace of two centuries (a blessing unknown during the same time to any other people of Asia), and more than doubled its population.

In the course of five centuries, the Chinese have once, and once only, succeeded in placing a native dynasty on the throne, which wanted the ability to maintain itself there. Many attempts at revolution have no doubt been since made for this purpose, but the parties making them ought rather to be considered as huge gangs of robbers and pirates, than political revolutionists. Beside the war which occupied the first half of the seventeenth century, and ended in placing the present dynasty on the throne, China has had, it is stated, a series of insurrections up to the year 1850, the suppression of which cost the Imperial treasury the sum of £115,000,000, which, if true, would show that the suppression of such movements in China has cost the Chinese about the same sum which the conquest of India has cost England!

The existing rebellion, the greatest of them all, commenced in 1850, and assumed an active character in the following year, so that it has lasted full seven years. Tai-ping-wang, for such is the name of the obscure hero who aims at mounting the throne of China, issued from the fastnesses of Quangsai, the sister province of Canton, in 1851, and crossing central China over seven degrees of latitude and seventeen of longitude, burning, plundering, and slaughtering as he went, finally reached and captured Nankin, the ancient capital, in 1853. There he has remained for five years, as far from the throne of China as he was on the day he left the spot where he concocted his conspiracy. Twice over the rebels have crossed the Yellow River with the intention of attacking Peking, and as often they have been driven back with the loss of nine-tenths of their force. On one of these occasions they reached the banks of the Peiho, to the very city where a French and English Plenipotentiary are probably now negotiating, but although then within eighty miles of Peking, they never advanced further. The fact was, indeed, a proof of the weakness of the Tartar Government, but of greater weakness in those who aimed at overthrowing it.

The men who pretend to have for their object the restoration of a native government to the Chinese are ascertained to be a mere banditti, composed of the lowest, most ignorant, and most profligate of the people. No man of rank, education, wealth, or respectability has, in seven long years, joined them, and the Chinese people have no more sympathy with them than had the respectable part of the English nation with Wat Tyler or Jack Straw.

Tai-ping-wang and his followers profess a bastard Christianity, and have used it as an instrument for their predatory and destructive objects. But the pretended Christianity is

much less like the religion of Christ than was Mahometanism under the Arabian Caliphs, or Mormonism in the City of the Salt Lake. In daring, however, the Chinese imposture is not to be easily paralleled. The leader of the insurrection is not only an inspired prophet, but he claims to be own brother to one of the personages of the Holy Trinity!

While the robber gang is busy on the land, their allies the pirates are equally active on the coast, and pushing their depredations down to the Gulf of Siam, they harass the English commerce at the very entrance of the Straits of Malacca. Since the commencement of the rebellion, it is probable that more blood has been shed in China than in England from the arrival of Hengist and Horsa down to the departure of Charles Edward. Both parties have been alike unsparing, and the fat hero who is now under custody in Fort William, in Bengal, tells us himself that he has decapitated one hundred thousand, while the military under his orders have put to death three times that number. So much for the "Christian" patriots and their heathen adversaries! In the the spilling of blood they are fit matches.

Such, then, being the existing state of things in China, not, assuredly, undergoing a salutary revolution, but simply infested by a monster gang of robbers, which has not the remotest chance of subverting the present government and substituting a better, what is the most politic course for ourselves and our allies to pursue? We are in occupation of the City of Canton, and this has produced no impression whatever on the Imperial government. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were, we are satisfied, quite right in refusing to return from Shanghai to Canton, to negotiate with a Chinese Commissioner, as the Court of Peking with its habitual trickery would have prescribed to them, but we entertain serious doubts of the expediency of attempting a negotiation by ascending the river Peiho as they have done. The object, of course, was to stop the supplies which since the outbreak of the rebellion the capital receives by sea from the southern provinces, and by our vicinity to the seat of government to intimidate the Court into a surrender of our demands.

Now, we strongly suspect the correctness of the information which has induced the Ambassadors to adopt this line of policy. The material supplies which Peking and the adjacent country receive from the south consist of salt and rice. The first of these commodities is understood to be furnished by local brine-springs, and by the sea coast north of the Gulf of Pechili, and the only effect which the stoppage of the bay-salt of the south can have will be merely to enhance

price. As to the second, rice is no more the bread corn of the northern provinces of China than it is of England. The cereals in use consist of wheat, barley, and millet, the supply of which cannot be effected by a blockade either of the Peiho or the Canal.

As to our position in the Peiho, from the difficult entrance of that narrow and shallow stream, following its windings to Peking, the distance is one hundred and seventy miles, and of which ninety miles only are navigable, and this too for vessels drawing not more than six feet water. These ninety miles take us to the City of Tien-tsin at the northern termination of the Canal, and then we are still four-score miles from the Chinese capital, a course navigable only for little fishing boats, and traversing a very populous country, with Peking and its reputed million of inhabitants at the end of the march.

It is certain that a small fleet of gun-boats, setting aside the risk of its destruction in the narrowest navigable part of the Peiho, is wholly unequal to an advance on Peking. It is as just possible that the Court of Peking may be intimidated by our possession of the forts at the mouth of the Peiho, by our occupation of the head of the Canal, and by our vicinity to the capital, but it is just as probable that it will not, and then we should be in the awkward predicament of having played an unsuccessful game of brag.

For our own parts we should greatly prefer the course of action pursued during the first war, the ascent of the magnificent Yan-chekiang, which leads easily and safely, not with gun-boats, but with a powerful fleet (for it is navigable for ships of the line for five hundred miles from its mouth) into the very heart of the Chinese Empire. Such a safe demonstration would assuredly, as it did before, bring the Chinese to terms. The objection urged against this proceeding is that Nankin, the principal city of the Yan-chekiang, is in occupation of the rebels; but our business is with the government, not with the brigandage of China, and if the latter stands in the way, we must remove the obstacle. Doing so would, certainly, be conferring an obligation on the government of China, which, however, must be considered a preferable course to that we are now pursuing, and which virtually amounts to nothing short of a declaration of war.

There is one object of our proposed negotiation with the Chinese government to which we must briefly advert, the insisting on having, after the fashion of the civilised governments of modern Europe, resident Ambassadors at its Court. Such a project, wholly opposed to all Chinese notions of government, and destructive of that prestige of infallibility on which it lives, could only be



forced on the Chinese at the cannon's mouth. That accomplished, the representatives of the foreign powers would be considered as enemies in disguise. All the machinations in which the Chinese are so skilled would be put in requisition for their annoyance. They would, in fact, pent up in Pekin, be reduced to the condition of state prisoners, of no use whatever to the countries they represented, while in due time, through the affronts which they would surely be subjected to, a good *casus belli* would arise leading to war, and the war most likely to deplorable annexation. We might as well attempt to convince the followers of Islam that Mahomet was nothing but a small trader and a great impostor, or the Hindus that the doctrine of caste is irrational and inconvenient, as to make the Chinese believe that the institution of Resident Ambassadors can possibly be useful or innocuous. Beyond all doubt, they would consider the presence of privileged strangers, the forms of whose eyes and noses are the very antipodes of their own, as nothing less than a nuisance and insult.

From The Press 7th Aug.

#### THE ALLIES ON THE PEIHO.

It is, we confess, with no comfortable feelings that we read of "our successes in China." Not that we are anxious about the strategical soundness of our movements. We "do most potently believe" that even greater delay and indecision than we have thus far exhibited would cause us no serious danger. Even without the energetic aid of our French allies we could doubtless laugh not only at the open resistance of the Chinese forces, but at any thing in the way of stratagem or surprise which their semi-barbarous cunning is likely to suggest. We have little fear either that the Celestial warriors will stand their ground, or that our soldiers and blue-jackets will be stopped in pursuit by the worst of the painted terrors wherewith a Chinese brave protects his individual "rear." We assume victory as certain, and are only perplexed by the further question, what glory or profit it is likely to bring us. The return under the first of these heads is obviously nil. Recent engagements have proved (had fresh proof been needful) that no advantages of numbers, armament, or position can give these helpless Orientals the shadow of a chance against European troops. It is an abuse of language to talk of "fighting" against such opponents.

"Non rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum"

would be an unanswerable remark in the mouth of poor John Chinaman, arrayed under the orders of a despot whom he dares not gainsay, against invaders whom he cannot

resist. But not only is there no glory in our proceedings, they are *ab initio* discreditable. We went to war—we beg pardon, "commenced hostilities" is the approved phrase—in defence of smuggling under false colors, if not in affirmation of "a false fact." Such, at least, was our best plea at starting; but we grew bolder after a time, when the nation stood committed to a rank injustice, and a majority of the House were prepared with Lord Palmerston to justify our attack by the resentment it excited. Then "Free Trade" was appealed to as a pretence for violating a nation's independence, and the sacred text,

"That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can,"

was enforced with all the unscrupulous eloquence of the *Times*. The Chinese war (another *lapsus plumæ*—let us say "difficulty") might not be quite just—but what of that? It was sure to be profitable. This was not high ground to take—but was it even tenable? We cannot think so. Considering the "difficulty" merely as an investment, we know that thus far there have been heavy calls and no dividend, and see no reason to estimate the future returns at a higher figure than 0 per cent. Commercial privileges, forsooth, are to be secured! Is commerce the daughter of Mars and Bellona? Or are we to find our best customers in those we have beaten and impoverished? Are bullets teal-lead? or shot and steel Howqua's Mixture? It is a blunder from beginning to end. Of course we may terrify a feeble Court into submission, and may dictate terms, if you like it, at Pekin; but, *cui bono*? We may compel the Brother of the Sun to open his ports—but we cannot force his subjects to buy or to sell. We may extort his permission to erect factories—but will they be resorted to by an aggrieved and resentful population? No "special chop," no writing from "the vermilion pencil," will silence bitter memories of wrong. You cannot win confidence by terror, or stimulate trade by persecution. As well might you run a cow across country to the milking-stool, or try to shear sheep at a hand-gallop.

But we are dealing with a view of the question which has been already ably set forth in the *Daily News*, and will therefore pass on to some other considerations no less worthy of notice which should incline her Majesty's Ministers to strive for a speedy and equitable termination of hostilities, to which they succeeded by no fault of their own—one of the burdens with which Lord Palmerston encumbered their official inheritance. In the first place, it strikes us very forcibly that, valuing the French alliance as we profess to do, we ought to escape as soon as possible from the



present system of close co-operation for undefined objects. It is rendered dangerous alike by English pride and French vanity. Even during the stern struggles of the Crimea, when the common safety lay in united action, there was often a dangerous feeling of irritation, due to the necessarily imperfect apportionment of the labors and honors of the siege. Now either armament might alone suffice for the work to be done, and even the best embellished Gazette can tell of no laurels worth dividing. Hence arises a petty and unworthy rivalry—nor is it possible to avoid seeing that our dashing allies think more of getting the start of the English than of the easier triumph of drubbing the Chinese; whilst we, on our part, acting with more fairness, but worse temper, fret sullenly at the gasconades which experience should have led us to anticipate as matters of course. The same feelings are propagated by the public press at home, till the pugnacious portion of the French nation half believe that England has outlived her historic prowess, while many an irascible John Bull would sacrifice the peace of the world and put civilization back half a century merely to convince them of their mistake. It is an old tale that the Lion is impatient of the crowing of the Cock. We would fain spare the noble animal's nerves a protracted trial, or to drop the too familiar metaphor, we would fain terminate a state of things which we feel to be most dangerous to the good understanding now happily subsisting between France and Britain. Nor should it be forgotten (selfish as such a view may appear) that we are working at these frightful hazards mainly, if not wholly, for the advantage of others. We have long had abundant, if not unrestricted access, to the flowery land: we are now doing our best to gain for our enterprising neighbors a comfortable footing there. This may be generous, but it is the indiscreet generosity of the young civilian who introduces his particular friend, a militaire with unimpeachable moustache, to the city heiress, on whom he has himself made an impression. Nor is it with regard to France alone that our Chinese hostilities are likely to place us in a false position. We are setting up the law of the strongest in one quarter of the globe: with what face can we henceforth denounce it in another? If we are to remodel Chinese commercial law, and to occupy Chinese territory, merely because it suits us, we must be prepared to look on quietly while Brother Jonathan "annexes" Cuba, or the Czar smotheres the sick man, and disposes of his effects. Filibustering is a game which it is not safe to bring into fashion.

But is not this (some plainspoken reader may ask) a miserable, heartless style of reasoning? Has oppression no worse fault than

that of being expensive, or would freebooting become eligible if we could monopolize the practice? We feel the force of these inquiries, and can only reply that we give not the best arguments, but those which are the most likely to be listened to in this particular case. Generally speaking, the British nation are sensitively alive to appeals based on justice and mercy. They dislike the Palmerstonian line of quarrel, and would rather beard and grapple with the strong than bully the weak. But China seems to be an exceptional case. We have sympathy for the red man—armed avengers for the negro—are revolutionary at Naples, and philanthropic in Borneo. We protect Australian aborigines, and are jealous of the rights of Indian landowners. But somehow we have no bowels of compassion for the Chinese. The fact is, we have laughed at them till we have forgotten that humanity has its rights and its feelings even in China—that men are men still, though they wear petticoats and pigtails, and women women, though incapable of a polka. From the naive avowal of the delinquent interpreter in Anson's Voyages, "Chinese man ver' great rogue, truly, but have fashion, no can help," to Basil Hall's diverting history of the decease of the pig "Jean," and the machinations of the Celestials against the "bulk of her personals," our literary notices of this strange people have tended mainly to excite our ridicule. The vulgar notion of a Chinaman is made up of a few peculiarities of diet and dress. What can it signify how you deal with a set of fellows who wear hats like an umbrella, fatten puppies for pies, and think a fat maggot excellent grub? Even our educated classes talk of "the necessity of reading these conceited barbarians a lesson,"—as if with regard to them and them only the exercise of power might be divorced from responsibility—as if slaughter and spoliation ceased to be serious things when inflicted on the most industrious and most densely-peopled region of the earth. Strangest of all, even our seamen seem to lose something of their tenderness of heart when poor John Chinaman is to be taught his weakness. The crew of the *Alceste* burst into a roar of laughter at seeing, as they fancied, the head of a mandarin taken off by a round shot. Is not something of the same spirit traceable in our accounts of recent "victories"?

We will not pursue this topic further, save to express an earnest hope that this evil is working its own cure,—that as we know the Chinese better we shall feel for them more, and treat them more wisely, more mercifully—must we add, more justly? They are covetous, no doubt; let us not enlighten them by an exhibition of rapacity. They are cunning—the weak often are; let us show them

that the strong can afford to be honest. They are arrogant; let us forbear to trample on the pride of Con-fu-tee with greater pride. They are idolaters;—shame and woe to us if we offer them shells and rifle-bullets as our best “evidences of Christianity.”

From The Saturday Review, 17 July.

#### THE MASSACRE AT JEDDAH.

THE tragedy which has been enacted on the shore of the Red Sea, over and above the horror which such an event must under any circumstances excite, is not unlikely, in the present state of European politics, to give rise to very serious diplomatic complications. One thing is sufficiently clear—viz, the necessity of speedy and most decisive measures on the part of the English Government, in order to re-establish the authority of the English name and the security of English subjects on the line of our great high road to the East. The interests of humanity, no less than of justice, demand that a signal and exemplary retribution should overtake the actors in this horrible outrage. It is but too apparent that the great earthquake which has convulsed the Mahometan population of Hindostan has extended its influence through the whole region where the faith of Islam reigns in the East. The crater which has just poured forth its fiery torrent of fanaticism at Jeddah, is, with great probability, connected with the shock which has laid Delhi and Cawnpore in ashes. The rumor which spread with such fatal rapidity in Hindostan, of the approaching triumph of the Crescent over the Cross, has reached far beyond the limits of the Indian peninsula. In every place where the faith of Mahomet is professed, the flame of religious hate seems to have been rekindled against the Christian, under the influence of some mysterious and fanatical expectation. It is said, with much appearance of truth, that the recent outrage in the Red Sea had its origin in the instigation of pilgrims who had themselves assisted at the massacres in Bengal. Even in Candia and in other places actually within the circle of European civilization, we hear of fresh outbreaks, with difficulty repressed, and almost daily repeated.

This is a state of things which demands some speedy and effectual cure. The great difficulty of the case is, that we have no sovereign Power to deal with from whom we can expect or exact a satisfactory remedy. The Turkish rule, which the rivalry of European nations has made it necessary to sustain, is barely able at the centre of its own authority to maintain the semblance of peace and of order. But in the more distant part of the dominions of the Sultan, the authority

of the State is not more felt or obeyed than is the rule of the Czar by the wild hordes of Eastern Siberia. The local Kamaikan is powerless—even if he were willing, which is often more than doubtful—to repress the turbulence of a population which is at once lawless, ignorant, and fanatical. In Constantinople, the power of the Christian is as much feared as his faith is detested; but in Asia, the unprotected European is at the mercy of wild beasts which have not yet learned to dread the resources of civilized man. A great and terrible lesson will have to be read, which will restore to the Christians throughout the East that opinion which is more formidable than even the reality of strength. It will not do to leave to the tardy and suspicious justice of Turkish authorities the vengeance that must be exacted for this atrocious crime, which has been perpetrated with every circumstance of cruelty and insult against the English flag, and upon English subjects. The correspondent of the *Times* refers to several recent instances of similar outrages, whose culpable impunity has laid the foundation of fresh disasters. If Jeddah be not made a bye-word in the East, the lives and property of every Christian inhabitant and traveller throughout Asia will be in daily and hourly peril.

Obvious, however, as it is that some vigorous and decisive measures must be instantly adopted, the difficulties which may arise are neither few nor insignificant. Already the news from Paris informs us that the French Government are eagerly pressing on to take possession of the quarrel. The fact that the French Consul was one of the sufferers in the outbreak forms the pretext of an interference for which the French have long been seeking a decent excuse. It is not improbable that Louis Napoleon may be only too willing to seize the occasion for laying the foundation of a French influence in Egypt, which has been so hardly contested in the case of M. Lesseps. Whatever may be the rights of the much-disputed question of the Canal, it is not difficult to see how little desirable it is for England that a French fleet should, upon any pretence, obtain a permanent station in the Red Sea. Yet this is an event to the imminent probability of which we would call Lord Malmesbury's most anxious attention. The project of an Eastern dominion is eminently an *idée Napoléonienne* and it is a scheme which is equally calculated to gratify the vanity of the French people and the ambition of the Emperor. No doubt the English Cabinet will receive, as in the case of the Indian rebellion, the most disinterested offers of co-operation and assistance. We hope that they will be received, as before, with the most courteous

coldness. If the truth must be told, the doctrine of the French Alliance has been carried to its extreme limits. If it was absolutely necessary to have a quarrel with the High Commissioner at Canton, we still think that a great Power like England was quite competent to see justice done to itself. It was hardly requisite to call in our faithful ally for the purpose of bombarding a Chinese fort, or capturing a one-tailed Mandarin.

We can afford to be amused at the bragadocio with which the French arrogate to themselves the glory of the paltry affair just alluded to. But it is no laughing matter that a title should be advanced and admitted, on the part of a foreign Power, to participate in all the commercial enterprises which have hitherto been the strength and the exclusive possession of England. The truth is, that this "cordial co-operation" is going a good deal too far to be either pleasant or politic. We very much doubt the policy of putting even the European interests of England into a sort of Continental hotch-pot; but when it comes to instituting a species of unlimited partnership with the French in all our affairs, the matter assumes a very serious aspect. We are willing to admit that the French alliance was not only a permissible, but a desirable expedient for the particular occasion of the Russian war. A good understanding with a powerful neighbor must at all times be the object of a prudent statesman. But we confess we see with alarm the tendency to conduct our foreign policy on the notion that the French Government has a sort of joint-stock interest in our political capital. We believe that the leading principle of entire independence in our international relations, which has been the prescriptive doctrine of

English statesmen, was far wiser than the new policy of co-operation, which too often ends in subserviency, inaugurated during the last few years by Lord Palmerston. The doctrine of international arbitration to which Lord Clarendon was instructed to accede on behalf of England at Paris, seems to us one of the most dangerous and mischievous blows ever aimed at the supremacy of this country. Nothing but its insular policy and its naval superiority has enabled a people numerically small to hold the first place among the nations of Europe. It is the power of independent and immediate operation with our fleet which has given this country a weight to which its military strength could never have entitled it. When we once consent to be dragged out of the safe refuge of our own insular policy, and plead to a Continental jurisdiction, the might of England is departed from her. Our diplomatists slumbered while the Dalila of Paris cut the locks off the head of the nation which they represented. But it is not too late to retrace our steps, and to regain the independence of action which we have gone far to forfeit. Lord Malmesbury has shown that he is not incapable of acting with spirit and sagacity. The conduct of the proceedings which must arise out of this Red Sea affair will try his capacity to the utmost. The more he is able to vindicate English interests exclusively by English authority, the better, we believe, he will consult the permanent welfare of the country. It is impossible to tell how much the future destiny of our Indian Empire may turn on the question whether or not the French Government shall be permitted to effect for itself an establishment on the shores of the Red Sea.

"THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE IS LANDING."—Such is the startling intelligence which reaches us just as we are going to press. We find it difficult to believe the report, for recent events have prepared us for a very different result, and yet the dispatch comes to us through our regular agent, who would not deceive us. He may have been imposed upon, but that is quite unlikely. If the few coming hours shall confirm the inspiring tidings, and the cable is landed and in working condition, all other events that may happen through the world on this day, will be trifles.

To-morrow the hearts of the civilized world

will beat to a single pulse, and from that time forth for ever more, the continental divisions of the earth will in a measure lose those conditions of time and distance which now mark their relations one to the other. But such an event, like a dispensation of Providence, should be first contemplated in silence.—*New York Evening Post*, 5 Aug.

AFFECTATION OF FEELING.—Better be cold than affect to feel. In truth, nothing is so cold as an assumed, noisy enthusiasm. Its best emblem is the northern blast of winter which freezes as it roars.—*Channing*.

From Chambers's Journal.  
LITERARY LIFE IN GERMANY.

TWO graceful and charming volumes are lying before us, to which we would invite our readers' attention.\* The author's design is to give a popular history of German poetry with sketches of the lives of the poets; and this is executed in such a manner that we rise from the perusal with a wonderfully clear view of so extensive a field; while the career of many of the personages are so artistically delineated as to give the narrative all the interest of a romance. We cannot, however, include the verse in this warm commendation, for the volumes, to use a favorite phrase of our ancestors, are "interspersed with poetry"—consisting of translated specimens of the German works referred to. If those translations are faithful, the specimens must be ill chosen, since they do not bear out our author's criticism; but the most courteous, and probably the most correct supposition is, that, as usually happens, the subtle spirit of poetry has escaped in the process of transference from one language into another.

In the first volume, the history is brought down to the period when in Germany—devastated by the Peasant War, then by the atrocities of Anabaptism, and the more dreadful atrocities in which it was extinguished, then by the Thirty Years' War, which cut off two-thirds of the population of the country—the lamp of poetry, and indeed of literature generally, after one or two fitful flickers, was wholly extinguished. It was later and more slowly re-illuminated at the Revival than in any other country in Europe; but gradually, at length, the spirit of German poetry arose from its ashes, though streaming no longer in the national gushes of a homogeneous character which had before distinguished it. Acted upon by new influences, it was divided into numerous schools, all insignificant when viewed from the column of history, but each appearing great in the eyes of its contemporaries. In the eighteenth century, the prosaic hymns of Gellert, and the lackadaisical idyls of Gessner, procured for their authors unbounded reputation; but, at the same epoch, Klopstock came forth, and achieved a fame that even now, though dimmed, is not altogether extinguished. Then, as time

flowed on, Lessing, Herder, Bürger, Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe rose above the brightening horizon. It is not with the genius of individual poets, however, we have any thing to do for the present: we wish to inquire into their status in the aggregate as a portion of the literary body; and while obtaining some idea of this, an instructive comparison will unconsciously suggest itself between them and their brethren of our own country.

In England, there is no such thing as a republic of letters; there, each literary man stands alone, and he does not obtain even the personal acquaintance of his fellows in virtue of his calling. It is different in Germany, where literature is a species of freemasonry, in which the members of the craft look upon themselves as brethren, and where these members are recognized by the rest of the people as belonging to a distinct profession. When the young and poor Klopstock, for instance, the victim of love and poetry, was indulging his dreams and his sorrows by the Lake of Zurich, he suddenly received a letter from the king of Denmark, inviting him to his court, and offering him a trifling annuity in the meantime, and the reversion of some post worthy of his acceptance. When Lessing published his drama, the *Laocoon*, he was at once invited, as much to his surprise as delight, to remove from Berlin, and undertake the superintendence of a new national theatre just opened at Hamburg; and when his salary ceased here, and he was reduced to desperation, being in want of the very necessities of life, the Duke of Brunswick, who knew him only by his works, tendered him the post of librarian at Wolfenbüttel. When the Elector of Mainz wanted a director for the university of Erfurt, he applied at once to Wieland, as a man whose fitness for the post was proved by his published books. The poet did not find the situation an agreeable one; but he was soon invited by the Duchess of Weimar to become tutor to the young duke; and various unsolicited compliments were paid to his genius by other princes and nobles. Nor were other classes of the community less discriminating. German authors have usually had a resource in tuition; for the people considered that they who showed themselves capable of turning to good advantage their own education, must be well fitted to educate others.

Let us not imagine, however, that literature

\* *Poets and Poetry of Germany*. Biographical and Critical Notices. By Madam L. Davésies de Pontès. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1858.



in Germany was, or is now, a flourishing profession in the pecuniary sense of the term. The nobles, although indeed shorn of their beams, were still the dominant party, and they alone were eligible for either civil or military posts of any consequence. They were no longer, it is true, the rivals or masters of the sovereign, who now kept them in their places by means of a standing army; but the very hopelessness of their subjection to the crown rendered them the more tenacious of their tyrannical hold upon the people. They still kept up their heritable jurisdictions, by means of which they fined, scourged, and put to death the peasant tenants; and many of those ancestral privileges remained intact till the revolution of 1848. The emoluments, therefore, even of those literary men who basked in the sunshine of royalty, were not great. Wieland, for instance, when invited to be tutor to the young Duke of Weimar, was offered £90 a year for his three years of service, and after that, a pension of £23 for life. But let us not smile at this princely generosity in a country and at a time when beef was seven farthings a pound, veal less than three-halfpence, and house-rent, fuel, &c., in proportion. A thorough maid-servant thought herself well off with less than £3 a year; a first-rate cook had £4, 3s.; and a maid-of-all-work not quite £2. This was at Frankfort, Berlin, or Vienna; in the country, the remuneration of domestic labor was not so extravagant. When Voss contributed to the *Musen-Almanach*, his precarious income was about £60 a year—a sum which Schiller declared he could live on charmingly with his wife and family—but when he was appointed director of that publication, with a fixed salary of £70 a year, he at once married his Ernestine, with her anxious mother's approbation, which she had hitherto withheld.

Poverty, however, was, and is, no crime and no shame in Germany. It was never there inconsistent with the highest refinement and the most genial sociality. Look at this picture of the *ménage* of the author we have last mentioned: "In May 1778, Voss became the husband of her whom he so fondly loved, and bore her back to his humble home at Wandsbeck. As, however, the single chamber with which he had been contented during his bachelor-life was now insufficient, he hired a little garden-pavilion, and here they estab-

lished themselves as well as the narrow space allowed. A clear and sparkling rill flowed at foot of their abode; and the trees and flowers that surrounded it gave it an air of cheerfulness and gaiety which, in the eyes of the young lovers, atoned for the absence of every thing but the most simple necessities. The evening after their arrival, they visited Claudius, and many a happy evening did they spend in his garden, where a chosen few were wont to meet three or four times a week. Every description of luxury was banished as unsuited to the means of the entertainers; neither tea nor coffee was allowed; beer, home-brewed, with bread and cheese, and sometimes a little cold ham, or bacon, were the only refreshments permitted; but the mirth and good-humor of the party required no stimulants; they were as happy as youth, health, friendship, and congenial society could make them. One evening, it was discovered that the provision of home-brewed beer was exhausted, and even that of cheese was waxing low. Some potatoes, however, and a little rice-soup remained from dinner, and with these, Ernestine tells us, they were as happy as princes. 'When Claudius came to spend the evening with us, he always bound his little daughter to his back; she was then laid in our bed till his return home.' Campe and Lessing were frequently of the party, and joined in all their innocent gaiety.

"We have lingered on this picture of rural enjoyment, because it proves how possible it is to unite the highest literary culture with the simplest mode of existence, the most perfect refinement of mind and manners with the total absence of wealth and splendor."

This is delicious; but to complete the idea it conveys, we must give a glimpse of a very different interior, that of Wieland, in which refined comfort is heightened by the same genial warmth: "The house of my friend is at once elegant and rural. It has a fine kitchen-garden extending to a beautiful wood, which, in its turn, stretches to the banks of the river. I dine every day with the patriarch and his four charming daughters in the library, which commands a view of an extensive and verdant meadow. I enquired who was that robust and handsome youth, mowing the grass around a thicket of roses. It was his son. I for my part assist the mother and daughter in their household duties. Country-life reigns here in



all its charming simplicity. Goethe came to dine with us the other day; nothing could be more simple than his manners. It was delightful to see these two poets seated side by side, without jealousy, pretension, or affectation, calling each other by their Christian names, as they did in their youth, resembling much less two *beaux esprit* than two good merchants of Gröningen, united by the ties of affection and relationship. The daughters of the great Herder shortly after joined us. Beauty, goodness, wit, genius, and sincere affection—all united in this little room."

The minnesingers passed away, with the thirteenth century, and the meistersängers were practically extinct at the close of the seventeenth; but the poets of Germany seem gregarious by nature; and in the latter part of the eighteenth century another national association arose of a similar kind, called the Hainbund. The *Musen-Almanach*, already mentioned, was established by them as their poetical organ; and the association in the course of time included the names of many distinguished authors, such as the Stolbergs, Schlegels, and Bürger. The earlier members met every Saturday "at each other's houses, and there read and criticised their own productions and those of men of more established fame. At times they would assemble in some romantic spot 'under the shade of lofty oaks, in the glimmering moonlight, by the side of murmuring streams or in grassy meads,' and there give full vent to that passionate and somewhat exaggerated love of romance and nature which form the principal characteristics of their poetry." On one occasion they went out to a neighboring village. "The weather was most lovely," says Voss; "the moon full; we gave ourselves up completely to the enjoyments of nature, drank some milk in a peasant's cottage, and then hastened to the open meadows. Here we found a little oak-wood, and at the same moment it occurred to us all to swear the holy oath of friendship, under the shadow of these sacred trees. We crowned our hats with ivy, laid them beneath the spreading branches of the oaks, and clasping each other's hands, danced round the massive trunk. We called on the moon and stars to witness our union, and swore eternal friendship. We pledged ourselves to repeat this ceremony in a still more solemn manner on the first occasion. I was chosen by lot as the head of the Bund."

Among the compensations of that tribe whose badge is poverty, we find love the most remarkable. Elsewhere, love is usually an episode: here, it is an important part of the history, its golden threads interwoven throughout the whole web. We have seen literary men introduced by their works alone to such offices as they were supposed to be capable of filling with advantage: but the same works gave them entrance—sometimes personally unseen and unknown—into the hearts of women. Klopstock affords an example of this. A friend one day read to him from a letter some criticisms on the *Messiah*, which struck the gratified poet by their depth of thought and poetical feeling. He learned that the critic was a maiden; and although at the moment smarting under a love disappointment, called on her with a letter of introduction. "Margaretha Moller was one of the most enthusiastic of Klopstock's admirers. Ardent and imaginative, endowed with talents of no common order, with a heart as warm as her intellect was cultivated, the author the *Messiah* was in her eyes the ideal of all that was great and good in human nature. To see him, to know him, seemed to her a privilege which would gratify her utmost wishes, but which she could scarcely ever hope to enjoy. Her delight and astonishment may be conceived when she actually heard his name announced. Meta was at that moment engaged in some domestic occupation—no other, we believe, than that of sorting out the household linen—and the room was consequently in no little disorder. Her sister proposed declining the visit for that morning; but the fair enthusiast would not hear of such a suggestion. The linen was quickly concealed, and Klopstock introduced." In this first interview, at which he found the young lady "at once so gifted, so amiable, and so charming, that he could hardly avoid giving her the name dearest to him in the world," a correspondence was agreed upon. He found that she wrote as naturally as she spoke, and that, besides French, she was well acquainted with English, Italian, Latin, and—adds Klopstock—"perhaps Greek, for aught I know."

Meta never thought of concealing her love, a love which marriage had only the effect of increasing. "'Since Klopstock and I have met,' writes she to her correspondent Gleim, 'I firmly believe that all those who are formed for each other are sure to meet sooner or later.

How could I ever dream, when I knew Klopstock only by his *Messiah* and his odes, and so fondly wished for a heart like his, that very heart would one day be mine? . . . Even in my thirteenth year, I thought seriously how I should arrange my life, whether I married or remained single. In the first case, I settled how I should manage my household, educate my children, and above all, conduct myself towards my husband. I formed the *beau idéal* of the consort I should desire, and Providence has given me precisely him whom I had pictured to myself as the type, the model of human perfection.' . . . 'I must tell you a new happiness,' she writes to another, 'which increases the number of my calm enjoyments. Klopstock, who had hitherto written out his compositions himself, begins to dictate them to me! This is indeed a delight! Klopstock's first manuscript is always written by my hand, and thus I am the first to read his beautiful verses! Rejoice in the advent of the second volume of the *Messiah*. Abbadona appears more frequently in the ninth song. Do I love Klopstock particularly as the author of the *Messiah*? Ah, for how many causes do I particularly love him! But on this account more than any other. And what a love is this! How pure, how tender, how full of veneration! I am most anxious he should finish the *Messiah*, not so much on account of the honor which will redound to him in consequence, as of the benefit it will confer on mankind. He never works at it without my praying that God may bless his labors. My Klopstock always writes with tears in his eyes!'"

The irritable and melancholy Lessing obtained a wife whose admirable qualities acted like heavenly balm upon the spirit of every one who came near her. "The spell which Madame Lessing threw over those around her could not fail to exercise a potent influence on a mind like that of her husband's, so keenly alive to all that was good and noble. His irritability decreased; his whole nature seemed tranquillised and softened, and the very spirit of love and concord reigned over the little household." Wieland's first love was unfortunate, although he was beloved in return. His second was so also; and we mention it because the description of the lady shews, what one is inclined to suspect throughout, that the attachment of the German literary heart is determined by qualities different from physical beauty. "A greater contrast

to Sophia could scarcely be conceived. Julia was plain even to ugliness; somewhat pedantic withal, fond of talking with a loud voice and dictatorial manner, not unlike the picture drawn of the gifted and unfortunate Margaret Fuller. Like her, too, she contrived to make all these imperfections forgotten by her intellectual charms, and exercised on every one who came within her sphere an influence absolutely magical. 'There is nothing in the world I would not do—nothing that ought to be done, I mean,' Wieland writes to Zimmermann, 'to win the hand of Julia; but I fear this is impossible.' So it proved. Julia was resolved to live and die in single blessedness, and, strange to say, fulfilled her resolution." Notwithstanding later attachments, however, his early love was never forgotten. At the ripe age of fifty-five, he once more met Sophia. "Wieland had inquired after her with some impatience, and seemed most anxious to see her. All at once he perceived her. I saw him tremble; he stepped aside, threw his hat down with a movement at once hasty and tremulous, and hastened towards her. Sophia approached him with extended arms; but instead of accepting her embrace, he seized her hand, and stooped down to conceal his features. Sophia, with a heavenly look, bent over him, and said, in a tone which neither clarion nor hautboys could imitate: 'Wieland, Wieland! Yes, it is you—you are ever my dear good Wieland!' Roused by this touching voice, Wieland lifted up his head, looked in the weeping eyes of the friend of his youth, and let his face sink into her arms."

But the loves of the poets is too extensive a theme for our space, and we shall conclude by citing the case of Bürger after the death of his second wife, to whom he was even madly attached. "Bürger's poems were peculiar favorites among the fair sex, and one of their warmest admirers was a Suabian maiden, called Elisa H—. Young, ardent, and romantic to excess, she had hung with rapture over Bürger's poems; she had listened with pitying sympathy to the recital of his love and his sorrows, and her imagination had pictured him under the most attractive form. Wayward and passionate, thoughtless and unreflective, now gladsome as a child, now plunged into the depths of sadness—'everything by turns, and nothing long'—Elisa was the most charming and the most provoking of

her sex. Though far from wealthy, her position was at least independent, and her wit and beauty attracted numerous admirers. As none of her adorers had yet found favor in her eyes, probably because they fell short of the standard of excellence her imagination had formed, she was still unmarried and fancy-free, when the tidings of Molly's [the wife's] death reached her, and awakened feelings which at first she herself scarcely dared to analyse. Bürger, he whose poems had been so long the delight of her heart, now thrilling her with terror, now moving her to tears, was free! That being whom he had so passionately loved was torn from him by the cruel hand of death; and, as Elisa pictured his wild despair his hopeless anguish, his utter loneliness, her enthusiastic soul warmed with mingled tenderness and pity. To see him, to know him, to console him, this was at first the sole end and aim of all her wishes. Gradually others arose—might not

she by her love and care reconcile him to that world which was now become a desert to him, and replace his lost Molly in his heart? She did not pause to consider whether a union with a man double her age, who had already twice entered the bonds of matrimony, would be likely to insure her happiness. She trusted to her charms, to her influence, to efface all remembrance of his beloved Molly, and to mould him to her wishes—a delusion which has blasted the peace of many a fond heart."

Among the names mentioned by our author are not those of Goethe or Schiller, or of the writers who have flourished in our own generation; but these will form the subject of a future work. In the meantime, we have thought that it might not be considered an uninteresting or unsuggestive service to deduce from the present volumes some slight account of the compensations of literary life in Germany.

THE SECOND VISION OF DANIEL.—A Paraphrase in Verse. By the Earl of Carlisle.—Lord Carlisle appears to have availed himself of his political leisure to direct his attention to the interpretation of prophecy, and has chosen the eighth chapter of Daniel for his theme. All is plain sailing up to the "rough goat," for the text declares him to be "the King of Grecia"—Alexander the Great. The four horns that succeed may fairly be considered as the kingdoms of Alexander's successors; but what of the "little horn that waxed exceedingly great?" Commentators of course differ. The opinion of Bishop Newton and of Sir Isaac Newton, that it meant the Roman power, seems the soundest interpretation. Lord Carlisle agrees with those who apply the prophecy to Mahometanism, because he thinks that "we are even now upon the threshold of great events, and of the close of our present economy."

So much for prophecy. The poetry is rather expansion than paraphrase; Lord Carlisle making Daniel speak more clearly in *his* pages, than the prophet does in his own, and rather from the modern point of view, as witness the character of Alexander.

"He comes, by gifted eye descried afar,  
Monarch of men, and Thunderbolt of war!  
Through the cleft air with lightning leap he springs  
O'er subject Provinces, and suppliant Kings.  
Speak, char'd Granicus! red Arbela say!  
What gory horrors crown'd each dreadful day.  
See Media's elder diadem unbound!  
See Persia's loftier sceptre kiss the ground!  
Sea-girt in vain, mourn, desolated Tyre!  
Wrap thy proud domes, Persepolis, in fire!

Him, climes and tribes he knew not, learn to know,

The Parthian arrow, and the Bactrian bow;  
Indus his wat'ry barrier rolls aside,  
Hydaspes wafts him on his fabled tide;  
The Hero-King adoring nations own,  
And Asia kneels at Alexander's throne.

With glories radiant as the noonday sun,  
He sits aloft in ancient Babylon;  
In Babylon the royal feast is spread,  
In Babylon the Hero-King lies dead."

If these are not exactly "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," they are the verses of a cultivated mind and a practised skill in language. The heroic measure is well sustained; if the line is not original, neither is it imitative of any particular writer, but belongs to scholars by established usage. The historian selects the distinctive events, the critic chooses appropriate terms to characterize those events, the poetical amateur works the materials up with that finish which an English gentleman is trained to give to every thing; while at the close the prophet vouches for the coming millennium.

"See the regenerating dawn arise!

Before the radiance of the Gospel beam,  
Down, baffled Crescent! shrink, Euphrates' stream!

Return, ye ransom'd, to your promised home!  
Feet, that are beauteous on the mountain, come!

Foul Bigotry, avaunt; fierce Discord, cease!  
Earth, sea, and sky, be glad, before the Prince of Peace."

It might not be amiss to send the noble writer to the East to try and carry out his own prediction.—*Spectator*.

From The Saturday Review.  
THE AGE.\*

MR. BAILEY is known as the author of a long poem which many persons of more or less pretension to literary taste have supposed themselves to admire. It may be doubtful whether *Festus* has ever been read through; but the conscientious student who penetrates into the middle of the book may not unnaturally blame his own dulness for his conscious inability to remember an incident, a thought, or a phrase in a narrative which seemed to convey a kind of philosophical meaning in language by no means careless or unrhythmical. Mr. Bailey evidently possesses considerable ability, untiring industry, and the honorable ambition of cultivating the higher branches of literature; and if he has mistaken bulk for greatness, and rhetorical declamation for poetry, the mistake is too common and intelligible to require severe critical censure. Mr. Aytoun has exposed in a clever parody, called *Firmilian*, which is at the same time a serious imitation of the original, the characteristics of the spasmodic school of poetry, as he happily designates the class of compositions of which *Festus* is the most successful example. The theme of Faust and Mephistopheles admits of infinite variations when the dramatic elements of both characters are eliminated to make room for interminable dialogues carried on in the course of purposeless journeys performed within or without the regions of space. The modern Faust, from Mr. Bailey down to Mr. Alexander Smith, is always a gloomy metaphysician, and generally an unappreciated poet. The accompanying Mephistopheles or Lucifer, gifted with endless loquacity instead of his obsolete horns and tail, is generally the most innocent and the most intolerably tiresome of all imaginable devils. Writer, reader, and interlocutors wander for ever as in the mazes of a dream when the sleeper tries in vain to remember the terms of a conundrum with the more remote ambition of ultimately deciphering the answer. There are many judicious remarks scattered through the pages of *Festus*, and the versification bears evident signs of creditable scholarship and care; but when the vessel is finally engulfed in the waters of oblivion, the whole will go down like a lump of lead, without leaving any lighter

fragments on the surface to preserve the memory of the wreck.

The approval which is willingly bestowed on Mr. Bailey's more serious work cannot be extended to his new publication, which, to judge from its title, and from a portion of its contents, is apparently intended to be facetious or amusing. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo, and the critic is consequently inclined to apostrophize the satirists in the simple formula, "You that way, we this way." His seeming discourtesy will probably be attributed to resentment against the personification of his craft in the book with which he desires to part company; for the *Age* purports to be a long rhymed conversation among three undistinguishable literary characters, who appear by the headings of the various paragraphs to bear the several titles of *Critic*, *Author*, and *Friend*. A cursory inspection leads to the conclusion that *Critic* is the least dull and *Friend* the most jocosely of the party; but the dramatic character of the composition seems to be founded on the necessity of taking breath after a certain number of long-winded sentences. As soon as one speaker pauses for a moment, the next proceeds with the same oration, leaving the courteous reader or the satirized world to support the other side of the argument.

The plot of the work is simple, but at the same time obscure. *Critic* and *Friend*, waiting for a train to take them into Kent, receive a call from *Author*, who, as a poet with a manuscript in his pocket, is naturally bitter against certain reviewers, who it seems live in the Strand, and happily not in the adjacent region of Southampton-street. Finding that they have still two hours for talk, the three satirists proceeded to make the most of their time. But Mr. Bailey commits a serious error in his estimate of human volubility. The satire consists of more than 4800 lines, and consequently the censors of the age must, before the cab was at the door, have delivered themselves for two entire hours at the rate of 40 lines a minute—a feat which any curious reader may ascertain by experiment to be difficult, if not impossible. The fiction can only be reconciled with nature by the paradoxical assumption that all the philosophers spoke at once, although the reporter has recorded their remarks in succession. It must be admitted that the arrange-

\* *The Age*: a Colloquial Satire. By Philip James Bailey.



ment may not have been injudicious, and even if the dialogue had been published in the corresponding form of a palimpsest, posterity would scarcely have troubled itself to search for the wit of *Friend* under the obliterating wisdom of *Author* or of *Critic*.

The subject of the satire, if satire it be, may be described as things in general. The poem which is the ostensible matter under discussion is judiciously set aside until *Critic* eventually takes it away in his pocket to read in the train. The conversation, thus relieved from the threatened incubus, wanders to every commonplace topic which occurs. One of the party having seen the *Leviathan*, remarks, with true colloquial felicity of rhyme, but with the hyperbole characteristic of genius, that

"her hull is higher than  
The masts of most ships.

A few minutes afterwards the same brilliant imagination suggests a new topic by the sudden suggestion—

"Then there's the Ballot. *Critic*. Ballot has its partisans,

The favorite makeshift of some timid artisans,  
Who form, although a most important class,  
One only segment of the social mass.

\* \* \* \* \*

So England's liberties, already got

By open vote, we will to change it not."

Sydney Smith once attempted to ridicule the ballot, but his humbler ambition was contented with prose; yet it may be remarked that Mr. Bailey's satire, however polished and scathing, is certainly not colloquial. The most deeply involved metaphor in Shakspeare is as much like common conversation as the phrase "we will to change it not," which is introduced for the unsatisfactory purpose of rhyming to "got." In the next page there is an attack on Mr. Carlyle and those who hold that

"for all social schism  
The cure is a good grinding despotism;  
And that some all overbearing will must be a,  
For all diseases, politic-panacea."

This may be rhyme after its kind, and reason of a certain sort, but it is not especially familiar or idiomatic. The ambition of exciting a laugh by odd and unexpected rhymes can scarcely be combined with the highest order of art, but the humor and ingenuity of which the process is capable were carried to perfection by Lord Byron. From beginning to end of Mr. Bailey's voluminous composition there

is not a single contortion of language which could produce the faintest smile. The satire is colloquial only in the sense of being bald and disjointed, without any approach to conversational ease. The poetical model which it aims with imperfect success to copy, is furnished by the burlesques which were once popular on the stage, where they may possibly still find a place at Christmas and at Easter. The dignity of literature, and perhaps natural inaptitude for a low species of wit, prevent Mr. Bailey from ornamenting his composition with the far-fetched puns which alone rendered the text of his theatrical originals endurable to the less squeamish portion of the audience.

The poet's threefold mouthpiece takes, on the whole, a temperate and candid view of political and social questions. *Author*, *Critic* and *Friend* agree that the Indian revolt must be put down; but they are of opinion that, in the accomplishment of a bloody task, it is not desirable to say much about religion. As *Friend*, not very conclusively, observes:—

"Of all conceits mis-grafted on God's word,  
A Christian soldier seems the most absurd.

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"A Christian soldier's duty is to slay,  
Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way,  
These men, whose souls he prays for night  
and day—

With what consistency let prelates say.  
He's told to love his enemies—don't scoff;  
He does so, and with rifles picks them off."

The mild satirists evidently belong to that large class of theologians which holds that religion is only applicable to a world in its Sunday clothes. War may be right and necessary, but Christianity only recognises peace; and when the drum beats, it is as well to lock up the Bible, for the same reason which might induce us, under another dispensation, to draw a veil now and then over the faces of the gods.

The Chinese question, on which the three philosophers hold with the majority of the late House of Commons, and the demand for a Channel fleet, give occasion for a strain of livelier banter:

"There is our fine old tar, we often meet,  
Who every year so dreads the French will gobble us,  
And says, 'I only ask you for a fleet—  
Like Belisarius begging for an obolus—  
'Five millions down, armed men, and spirits neat.'

If he expects it, well, he's rather sea-green;



There's Yeh, and mild Sir John, both now quite tea-green;  
*Friend*. And there's yourself, you certainly are pea-green."

*Friend*, as it was remarked above, is undoubtedly the wittiest of the three, and his superiority is plainly proved by the *argumentum ad hominem* or *tu quoque*; but if this is satire, some new title of harmlessness is required to designate the unoffending twaddle of ordinary life. Milk-and-water is a wholesome and innocuous beverage, but it is not fair to label it as vinegar or ketchup. Another satirist, however, remarked long since that gentle dullness ever loves a joke.

Notwithstanding their protest against Mr. Carlyle's supposed doctrines, the colloquial club supports the cause of Louis Napoleon against the "wiseacres" who wonder—

"How a system so ill fortified,  
 As but to have the people on its side,  
 The army and the clergy does not fade  
 Before a Q. C.'s scurrilous tirade,  
 And traitors who on treason try to trade."

Johnson and Boswell used to discuss the question whether ridicule was the test of truth; but the preliminary inquiry, What is ridicule? might have proved still more perplexing. On the whole, it is most convenient to assume that the cause which is denounced in a colloquial satire must be in itself ridiculous.

In one of his soberer moods, *Friend* supplies *Author* with a list of ancient and modern classics who are to be studied before a poet ventures on publication. There was perhaps no absolute necessity for going down from—

"wise Sophocles,  
 Pathetic, politic, Euripides,  
 Moschus, Bion, Theocritus, and all—  
 They are but few—whom minor bards we call,"  
 to Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, "Persius, not too plain," Catullus and Tibullus, and the third—  
 "Propertius. — *Critic*. Im-Propertius I have heard

Suggested as the more appropriate word."

But it may be useful to be reminded to—

"Read Voltaire's *Henriade*; not sublime, I own,

But, *au contraire*, the neatest epic known."

*Friend* is comprehensive in his literary tastes. Amongst other English authors, he says—

"Read Dryden, Pope, Swift, Prior, Churchill, Gay,  
 Each one a master in his several way.  
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"Be Merrick, Shenstone, Byrom not despised,  
 And Barbauld's pious raptures duly prized.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

"Blair, Beattie, Mason, Southey, Coleridge, Moore,  
 Burns, Campbell, Crabbe, and Scott I named before.  
 Rogers, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Hogg,  
 Names uncontested, close my catalogue."

A poet of the last century anticipated Mr. Bailey's literary catalogue in a passage of which the only surviving couplets might with great advantage be incorporated in the modern masterpiece:

"Read Phillips much; consider Milton more,  
 And from their dross extract the purer ore;  
 Let Perspicuity o'er all preside,  
 So shalt thou be a nation's joy and pride"

Phillips' poem on *Cider* deserves mention as well as Mrs. Barbauld's nursery hymns.

The list of historians is not less complete and valuable; but the student is recommended to refer to the brilliant original. Of novels, it is enough to say that—

"The noblest character in modern fiction  
 Is in *My Novel*, past all contradiction:  
 The princely refugee, I mean, named Ricca-  
 bocca,  
 Who must e'en please, if not dried up, the  
*Knickerbocker*."

The felicity of the rhyme enhances the value of a compliment which proves that the fiercest of satirists will sometimes bow to the supremacy of genius. Sir E. B. Lytton may well be proud, even at the cost of a metropolitan eccentricity of pronunciation, to be praised by an admirer, *a laudato viro*, who himself deserves all admiration; but any rival eulogy addressed to Mr. Bailey himself would, to imitate his own poetical language—

"be flatter  
 Than even *The Age*; a *New Colloquial Satire*."

From The Philadelphia Press, Aug. 6.  
MARIA EDGEWORTH AND WALTER  
SCOTT.

IN Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott reference is made to a letter addressed by Miss Edgeworth to "the author of Waverley." It is there stated that "Scott, with the consciousness that he should never, in all likelihood, have thought of a Scotch novel, had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite pieces of Irish character, desired James Ballantyne to send her a copy of Waverley on its first appearance, inscribed 'from the author.' Miss Edgeworth, whom Scott had never then seen, though some literary correspondence had then passed between them, thanked the nameless novelist, under cover to Ballantyne, with the cordial generosity of kindred genius!" In Lockhart's book, James Ballantyne's reply is given, but not Miss Edgeworth's letter. That, after many wanderings, fell into the hands of the writer of this notice. He brought it under the inspection of Miss Edgeworth, who, admitting its authenticity, wrote, "it was my father's letter and my own (for it is a *joint* letter) to Sir Walter Scott. I have, in truth, no copy of it, never keeping any letters of my own, but you have what we wrote."

We here give the Letter in question, believing that it has not hitherto been published in this country, and correcting it according to instructions conveyed to the writer of this notice, in a letter from Miss Edgeworth, bearing date September 16, 1842. Who that possesses (and who does not?) a copy of "Waverley" will not immediately turn to the close of that romance and see how handsomely Scott speaks of Miss Edgeworth?

This will explain the closing paragraphs in her letter, which we now have the pleasure of laying before our readers:

"EDGEWORTHTOWN, October 23, 1814.

"Aut Scotus aut Diabolus!"

"We have this moment finished Waverley. It was read aloud to this large family, and I wish the author could have witnessed the impression it made—the strong hold it seized of the feelings both of young and old—the admiration raised by beautiful descriptions of nature—by the new and bold delineations of character—the perfect manner in which every character is sustained, in every change of situation, from first to last, without effort, without the affectation of making the people speak in character—the ingenuity with which each person introduced in the drama is made useful

and necessary to the end—the admirable art with which the story is constructed, and with which the author keeps his own secrets till the precise proper moment when they should be revealed, whilst, in the meantime, with the skill of Shakspeare, the mind is prepared by unseen degrees for all the changes of feeling and fortune, so that nothing, however extraordinary, shocks us as improbable; and the interest is kept up to the last moment. We were so possessed with the belief that the whole story, and every character in it, was real, that we could not endure the occasional addresses from the author to the reader. They are like Fielding; but for that reason we cannot bear them; we cannot bear that an author of such high powers, of such original genius, should for a moment stoop to imitation. This is the only thing we dislike, these are the only passages we wish omitted in the whole work; and let the unqualified manner in which I say this, and the very vehemence of my expressions of this disapprobation, be a sure pledge to the author of the sincerity of all the admiration I feel for his genius.

"I have not yet said half we felt in reading the work. The characters are not only finely drawn as separate figures, but they are grouped with great skill, and contrasted so artfully, and yet so naturally, as to produce the happiest dramatic effect, and, at the same time, to relieve the feelings and attention in the most agreeable manner. The novelty of the Highland world which is discovered to our view excites curiosity and interest powerfully; but though it is all new to us, it does not embarrass, or perplex, or strain the attention. We never are harassed by doubts of the probability of any of these modes of life; though we did not know them, we are quite certain they did exist exactly as they are represented. We are sensible that there is a peculiar merit in the work which is, in a great measure, lost upon us, the *dialects* of the Highlanders and Lowlanders, &c. But there is another and a higher merit with which we are as much struck and as much delighted as any true born Scotchman could be—the various gradations of Scotch feudal character, from the highborn chieftain and the military baron to the noble-minded Lieutenant Evan Dhu, the robber Bean Lean, and the savage Callum Beg. The *Pre—the Chevalier* is beautifully drawn,

'A Prince; ay, every inch a Prince!'

"His polished manners, his exquisite address, politeness, and generosity interest the reader irresistibly, and he pleases the more from the contrast between him and those who surround him. I think he is my favorite character; the Baron Bradwardine is my father's. He thinks it required more genius

to invent, and more ability uniformly to sustain this character than any one of the variety of masterly characters with which the work abounds. There is, indeed, uncommon art in the manner in which his dignity is preserved by his courage and magnanimity, in spite of all his pedantry, and his *ridicules*, and his bear, and his boot-jack, and all the railery of M'Ivor. (M'Ivor's unexpected bear and boot-jack made us laugh heartily.)

"But to return to the dear, good Baron. Though I acknowledge that I am not so good a judge as my father and brothers are of his recondite learning and his law Latin, yet I feel the humor, and was touched to the quick by the strokes of his generosity, gentleness, and pathos, in this old man; who, by-the-bye, is all in good time worked up into a very dignified father-in-law for the hero. His exclamation of 'Oh, my son, my son,' and the yielding of the facetious character of the Baron to the natural feelings of the father, is beautiful. (Evan Dhu's fears that his father-in-law should die quietly in his bed made us laugh almost as much as the bear and the boot-jack.)

"Jinker, in the battle, pleading the cause of the mare which he had sold to Balma-whapple, and which had thrown him for want of the proper bit, is truly comic; my father says that this and some other passages respecting horsemanship, could not have been written by any one who was not master both of the great and little horse.

"I tell you, without order, the great and little strokes of humor and pathos just as I recollect or am reminded of them at this moment by my companions. The fact is, that we have had the volumes only during the time we could read them, and as fast as we could read, lent to us as a great favor by one who was happy enough to have secured a copy before the first and second editions were sold in Dublin. When we applied 'not a copy could be had; we expected one in the course of next week, but we resolved to write to the author without waiting for a second perusal. Judging by our own feelings as authors, we guess that he would rather know our genuine first thoughts than wait for cool second thoughts, or have a regular eulogium or criticism put into the most lucid order, and given in the finest sentences that ever were rounded.

"Is it possible that I got thus far without having named Flora or Vich Ian Vohr—the *last Vich Ian Vohr!* Yet our minds were full of them the moment before I began this letter—and could you have seen the tears forced from us by their fate, you would have been satisfied that the pathos went to our hearts. Ian Vohr, from the first moment he

appears, till the last, is an admirably drawn and finely sustained character—new—perfectly new to the English reader—often entertaining—always heroic—and sometimes sublime. The grey spirit, the *Bodach Glas*, thrills us with horror. *Us!* What effect must it have upon those under the influence of the superstitions of the Highlands. This circumstance is admirably introduced. This superstition is a weakness quite consistent with the strength of the character, perfectly natural after the disappointment of all his hopes, in the dejection of his mind, and the exhaustion of his bodily strength.

"Flora, we could wish, was never called *Miss Mac Ivor*, because, in this country, there are tribes of vulgar *Miss Macs*, and this association is unfavorable to the sublime and beautiful of *your Flora*—she is a true heroine—her first appearance seized upon the mind, and enchanted us so completely, that we were certain she was to be your heroine, and the wife of your hero—but with what inimitable art you gradually convince the reader that she was not, as she said of herself, *capable of making Waverley happy*—leaving her in full possession of our admiration, you first made us pity, then love, and at last give our undivided affection to Rose Bradwardine—sweet Scotch Rose! The last scene between Flora and Waverley is highly pathetic—my brother wishes that *bridal garments* were *shroud*—he thinks it would be stronger, and more natural—because, when the heart is touched we seldom use metaphor, or quaint alliteration—*bride favor*—*bridal garment*.

"There is one thing more we could wish changed or omitted in Flora's character—I have not the volume, and therefore cannot refer to the page—but I recollect in the first visit to Flora, when she is to sing certain verses, there is a walk in which the description of the place is beautiful, but *too long*, and we did not like the preparation for a *scene*—and the appearance of Flora and her harp. It was too like a *common* heroine—she would be far above all *stage effect* or *novelist's trick*.

"These are, without reserve, the only faults we found, or can find in this work of genius. We should scarcely have thought them worth mentioning, except to give you proof positive that we are not flatterers. Believe me, I have not, nor can I convey to you the full idea of the pleasure, the delight, we have had in reading "*Waverley*"—nor of the feeling of sorrow with which we came to the end of the history of persons, whose *real presence* had so filled our minds—we felt that we must return to the *flat realities* of life, and that our stimulus was gone—we were little disposed to read the *postscript which should have been a preface*.

'Well, let us hear it,' said my father—and Mrs. E. read on.

"Oh, my dear sir, how much pleasure would my father, my whole family, as well as myself have lost, if we had not read to the last page—and the pleasure came upon us so unexpectedly—we had been so completely absorbed, that every thought of ourselves, or our own authorship, was far, far away.

"Thank you for the honor you have done

us, and for the pleasure you have given us—great in proportion to the opinion we had formed of the work we had just perused—and believe me, every opinion I have in this letter expressed was formed before any individual in the family had peeped to the end of the book, or knew how much we owed you.

"Your obliged and grateful

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

**STRANGE VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF A NOBLEMAN.**—Many years ago, says the St. Louis Republican, Baron Frederick Von Oertel whose family was one of the most independent and aristocratic in Saxony, fell in love with a poor girl and determined to marry her. He thus incurred the displeasure of his wealthy father, who, on learning of the proposed alliance, at once disinherited the young nobleman, and turned him from his doors. This sudden reverse exasperated and maddened the lover, and bidding a silent farewell to the home of his childhood, and without informing the object of his affections, he bent his course to this country. On arriving here, he joined the United States army and served ten years as a soldier. It is said that his bravery and true heroism on the fields of Mexico, won the admiration of all who had opportunities to observe them. At the expiration of the ten years' service, he returned to Germany to ascertain how the estate of his family was managed. He found that his parents were in their graves, and that the property was distributed equally among his brothers and sisters, himself being wholly overlooked and disregarded in the will. To add to his dark fortunes, he ascertained that the girl who was the innocent cause of his ruin, had married and moved away. Von Oertel's mind never fully recovered from the shock this intelligence had created. Wandering in reason, he returned to the United States, and came to St. Louis. Here he was prostrated by violent sickness for some months. When he convalesced he found himself entirely destitute of means. His pride was thoroughly broken down, and for a livelihood the Baron actually took to selling "bretzels," a kind of pastry in much favor with the Germans. He continued at this paltry but honest business, for sixteen or eighteen years, and gained the appellation of "Bretzel Fritz." Three years ago, having saved up the snug sum of \$900, and having met one of the opposite sex in whom he thought he could confide, and whom he believed would make him a good and

faithful wife, though she was several years his junior, Von Oertel was married. One day, a few months afterwards, on going home with his basket, he found that his wife had eloped with a seducer, and not content with bringing her husband to disgrace, had taken his money and every thing of any value about the house, leaving him the possessor of a basket of bretzels and a dishonored hearth. The old man, for he was now fifty-three years of age, quietly bore his new grief, and again, with perhaps an imprecation on the false one, addressed himself to the one great task of his life—forgetting.

"Bretzel Fritz" has been well known in St. Louis—a wrinkled, slow-paced, stooping old man with his basket on his arm and rarely a smile on face. In the last three years he has laid away \$400, the profits of his little business. Yesterday he was buried, having been sick three or four weeks. Before he expired he benevolently bequeathed his small possessions to the orphan children of a poor man, well known to many of our citizens, who died about a year ago. And so ended the eventful career of Baron Frederick Von Oertel.

**A HANDSOME CONTRIBUTION.**—A gentleman waited upon Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend, who was in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend had already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. —'s hat was becoming an institution; and the friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which we now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by Jerrold with evident dissatisfaction.

"Well," said Jerrold, "how much does — want this time?"

"Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied.

Jerrold. "Well, put me down for one of the noughts."

## THE NIGHT AFTER CULLODEN.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

The cherry-colored satin

Moved with its peacock train,

As the four-and-twenty fiddlers

Struck up a merry strain.

There was the Laird o' the Willow Glen,

And Sir John of Siller Hall;

Not to forget the Lairds of Fife,

With the Flanders lace and all.

The yellow satin and the black,

The crimson and the blue,

Moved solemnly along the room,

Slow pacing, two and two.

Cinnamon coat and claret vest

Wore old Sir Robert Clare,

He had the small-sword by his side,

And the powder in his hair.

The dance was set, the fiddlers stood

With the suspended bows,

When at the gate into the street

There fell three angry blows;

Then, with a bang of folding-doors,

As out flew many a blade,

A stranger came; his red hat bore

*The Hanover cockade.*

Swords blazed above his fearless head,

Swords hedged the brave man round;

Swords flashed and glittered past his eyes,

Keen pointed, newly ground.

Ten ladies fainted, twenty screamed;

The satins shook and stirred;

He stood as in the eagle trap,

The crowned and royal bird.

The fiddler with a trembling rasp

Slipped fiddle in the bag;

The trumpeter with quavering note

In time began to lag;

The dancer, half-way through the dance,

Stopped, listening half-afraid,—

O, shame for twenty Jacobites

To tremble at one blade!

"Good gentlemen," the stranger cried,

Waving away the swords,

"Charles Stuart, whom ye call your chief,

With all his naked hordes,

Is routed on Culloden Moor,—

God bless the day of spring!—

He flies! a price is on his head!

Adieu! *God save the king!*"

He spoke with such a manly voice,

Head up, and chest full spread,

No rebel dared to even touch

The badge upon his head.

The swords drooped down, and on their knees

Some prayed and sobbed and wept:

How frantically towards the door

A dozen Tories leaped!

The rakhells galloped down the strand,

To ship for Popish France,—

A pretty way for gentlemen

To end a pleasant dance!—

You cried "Pretender!" and the blood

Rose hot into their face;

These were the men who, beggar-like,

Filled church and market-place.

With slinking heads the old lords went

To take coach at the door;

They would not stay for stirrup-cup,

But hurried to the shore.

The ferry-boats were filled that night

With muffled men in black,

And every northern road was choked

With horsemen spurring back.

I shuddered when the sheriff came

Unto the market-place;

The scaffolds grew around the Cross,

Stern was the hangman's face.

All night the sullen hammers went;

And when the day grew white.

They brought the wounded creatures out—

The relics of the fight.

—*National Magazine.*

## ON THE PATH.

On the path toiling, I thought not of toil;

Troubles might meet us, I did not recoil;

Sunshine above us, but in our hearts more,

Rich in bright hopefulness, outwardly poor;

'Twas thus we started, thy hand clasping mine,

Thou my love owning, my faith built on thine.

"On the path," saidst thou, "together we'll keep,

Though it be thorny, love, though it be steep.

Alone one might falter, but we hand in hand

Strength each from each, love, can ever command."

Yet I—the weaker—have held to the track,

Singly have reached the goal; thou hast turned back.

On the path, sadly and lonely I sped,

Silently, tearlessly, buried my dead;

One by one buried them out of my sight,

Deep in the heart that, near thee was so light.

Hope with its blossoms all withered and shed,

Love, Faith, and Fellowship—these were my dead!

On the path still, but my toil is nigh done;

I've but to enter the home I have won.

Home!—what a word! but the name is too sweet

When the heart rests not, and the tired feet,

As o'er the threshold they wearily tread,

Raise by their echo the ghosts of the dead.

From the path stepping, too clearly I see

Not what is present, but what was to be:

From the dark grave where I laid them to rest,

The Love and the Faith that were dearest and best,

Like phantoms arise which the tomb cannot keep.

And I lose them anew, having leisure to weep.

—*Chambers's Journal*

RUTH BUCK.